

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 2.

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Reporter's Weekly Gatherings IN ARLINGTON.

—Subscription renewals are now in order.

—Litchfield says he had a splendid Christmas trade.

—Robinson has some bargains in seasonable goods.

—The next meeting of the C. L. S. C. will be held with Miss Butler, on Franklin street, next Wednesday evening.

—The week of prayer has been observed by the Baptist and Congregational churches, the several evening services being well attended.

—The Six Odd Associates have made arrangements for another entertainment. It will be given in Town Hall on the evening of January 19.

—The rain of Saturday restored the skating on Spy Pond. It was not first-class, but the boys got lots of fun out of it.

—While alterations are being made in Mrs. Derby's establishment, dress making, etc., will be suspended. Her remodelled rooms will give her greatly increased facilities.

—The regular business meeting of Relief Corps, No. 43, will be held next Thursday afternoon, as usual. The installation of officers occurs in the evening.

—We are sure the children will be pleased and interested in the experiments to be shown in Town Hall, Sunday afternoon, at the temperance meeting under the auspices of the W. C. T. Union.

—Thursday evening there will be a double ceremony in Bank Building, when officers of Post 36 and Relief Corps 43 are to be installed. The occasion will be one of unusual interest in Grand Army circles here. A collation is to be served, of course.

—Next Monday evening, January 10, there is to be a "greatest concert" in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, by the A. H. S. T. Club, assisted by Miss Alice May Estey, and others, Prof. Prentiss acting as musical director. A thoroughly enjoyable evening is assured.

—Mr. George Y. Wellington, the veteran insurance agent, favors us with an unusually fine assortment of calendars again this year, embracing the old standard companies he has so long represented in our midst and some new ones that are peculiarly strong. We are much obliged.

—The programme made up for the concert in aid of St. John's church, next Wednesday evening, is one of rare excellence, as might well be expected from a director like Professor Whitney. Wulf Fries, the famous cello soloist, is alone worth the price of admission. Tickets can be had of Mr. C. W. Bastine.

—The reporter who wrote the account of the finding of the remains of the man who was so horribly murdered, for the Herald, had a rather misty idea of the geographical location of Lexington and the character of the people. He could not have been aware of the fact that we have forty-three trains daily which put us in full communication with the great Hub.

—Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, there will be a temperance meeting in Town Hall. The members of the several Sunday schools are specially invited, as the speaker will present matters likely to interest them. Experiments showing the effects of alcohol on a variety of substances will be a marked feature, and probably old and young will be alike interested in them. The meeting will be under the auspices of the W. C. T. Union, as usual. All interested in temperance work are invited.

—Charles T. Scannell, who for some years has been one of the most active local politicians of this section, both in town, district, and state affairs, at length announces what we have all along felt to be his purpose, a desire to succeed Mr. Fowle in the position of post-master for Arlington, and those who have watched the action of the post-office department of late will have small doubt but what the coveted prize will come to Mr. Scannell.

—The assistant superintendent of the Congregational church Sunday school, Pleasant street, was made the recipient, last Sunday noon, of a testimonial from the teachers and scholars of the primary department, in the shape of an elegant silver (tinting) ice pitcher and goblet, elaborately ornamented and appropriately engraved. Each child in the primary department contributed their mites to swell the larger sums from the eight teachers and organizer. The recipient is more grateful and happy for what he thinks the present indicates than words can express. How so many little ones

managed to keep so important a secret so that no sign came to their leader is really wonderful, but they did it.

—Mrs. O. J. Derby is arranging her front room so as to give her a convenient place for the display of fine trimmings and dress furnishings with which her dress-making establishment is stocked.

—"The Basis of the Future American Church" is the theme for consideration by Rev. Mr. Gray at the Universalist Church, next Sunday morning.

Many men of many minds.
Many birds of many kinds.
Many soldiers in the G. A. R.
Use No. 7, the best cigar.
Whittemore's Pharmacy.

—The Quid Nunc club enjoyed a sleigh ride on Thursday evening and on their return sat down to a hot oyster stew and other refreshments served at the residence on the corner of Arlington Ave. and Franklin street.

—"Preaching of John the Baptist" will be the subject of Dr. Mason's morning sermon, next Sunday morning, and "Faith" the subject of the evening address.

—The Arlington Young people's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold its prayer meeting in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at six o'clock. Subject, "Faith and its results," Hebrews xi. All are invited. Regular business meeting Thursday evening, Jan. 13, at 7.45 o'clock.

—District Deputy Bro. Wm. Milligan and suite installed the officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., Wednesday evening, as follows: N. G., Donald Higgins; V. G., Nat. E. Whittier; R. S., Chas. W. Bunker; P. S., Geo. A. Sawyer; Treas., Geo. Hill, Jr.; C., Henry Finley; W., J. Fred Bitzer; O. G., Ammi Hall; I. G., Chas. D. Austin; R. S., N. G., G. P. Pierce; L. S. N. G., C. W. Halsey; R. S. V. G., Jas. Gibson; L. S. V. G., Chas. Learned; R. S. S., H. C. Fessenden; L. S. S., S. L. Elliot.

—The concert to be given by the music committee of St. John's church, in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, promises to be a notable musical event. Tickets may be had of Mr. C. B. Bastine, Arlington avenue. Prof. Whitney has arranged the programme, with the exception of the sixth number, which he will supply later, as follows:—

1. Allegro from Trio in C major, Whitney
2. Rose Song (from King Rene's daughter), Smart
3. Solo for cello, variations of Russian and Scotch airs, Mr. Wulf Fries, Franchomme
4. Piano solo, Madam Deldrich Strong
5. Song, selected, Master Hartwell Staples
6. Duo for violin and cello, Messrs. Marble and Fries
7. Song, Pro exultation, Miss Blake, Norris
8. Violin obligato, Mr. Marble
9. Piano solo, Madam Deldrich Strong
10. Scherzo for violin, piano and cello, Madam Strong, Messrs. Marble and Fries.

—The New Year party of the Unitarian church, given in the vestries of that society on the opening of the new year, took place on Friday evening, and, as usual, was largely attended, although those present were almost entirely members of the congregation and Sunday school. The event is one that is always anticipated with great pleasure by the children, and in no wise were these happy anticipations disappointed. The younger children of the school gathered at four o'clock, and from that time till six o'clock was enjoyed in games. Promptly at six a long line was formed and the children marched into the ladies' parlor, two by two, to the music of the piano, and sat down to an attractive and appetizing supper spread on tables arranged there. The wants of the merry band were promptly anticipated by the young lady teachers of the school, into whose charge came the duty to wait on the tables and see that each and all were properly served. After the children had been satisfied the tables were rearranged for the older portions of the company, who filled all the seats in the supper room promptly on word being given that their "hour had arrived," and we did not see but what they enjoyed the good thing on the table quite as heartily as the children. At about eight o'clock all adjourned to the main room to witness an entertainment provided for the occasion, which followed the music rendered by the orchestra. Prof. Mohr, of Boston, was introduced as the author of the evening's entertainment, and he certainly was a genius in his line, presenting as first on his programme a series of slight of hand performances which were highly amusing, and he was assisted in the same, much to the amusement of the children, by Jamie Oakes. A laughable feature were the feats of two dummies, worked by the professor, who in this way displayed his ventriloquist powers, and lastly was the drawing of characters in a rapid and off-hand manner, displaying a decided talent for this class of drawing. Mr. Mohr, we think all present will admit, had the happy knack

of being entertaining. A flute solo was rendered by Winnie Bailey, accompanied by Miss Esther Bailey. As has been the custom now for many years, the members of the school who had not been absent during the school term and those who had missed by one Sunday school session, were presented respectively with books and handsome New Year cards. By far the most pleasing event of the occasion came last, as all good things are supposed to. Superintendent H. H. Ceiley was presented with a volume by Rev. Mr. Forbes in one of his neat speeches, in which he spoke of Mr. Ceiley's successful term of ten years as superintendent of the school. The surprise was so complete that Mr. Ceiley could only respond by thanking all in a few terse sentences, but his gratification was evident to all. On opening the volume, which was really a box, there were discovered twenty five-dollar gold pieces, in all their virgin lustre, shining benignly on the happy recipient as the expression of the good will and appreciation of the people of the First Parish. After the good wishes for the new year were spoken the gathering gradually dispersed.

—An important change in Lexington affairs for the new year is the change in the management of the Massachusetts House. Maj. Loring W. Muzzey, formerly clerk at the Vendome, Boston, and a brother of the previous proprietor and manager of the house, Mr. David Muzzey, has completed a business arrangement in which he leases the house for ten years and assumes the entire control and management of the same. This house has always had a wide and continuous popularity for the many natural reasons of its location and associations, and the energetic Major has plans for further extending its hospitality and bringing all the administration of the house up to the highest standard of excellence. Mr. Muzzey has a large circle of friends and the necessary capital to make the house the financial success which will no doubt be his from the active interest which he shows in the enterprise. Mr. Muzzey has secured the services of Mr. David Muzzey, who has so long been the well-known proprietor of the house, as clerk, and he will continue to make the house his home, as formerly. A competent housekeeper has been engaged to superintend the domestic affairs of the house. We feel that the house enters on the new year with most favorable prospects for the success which we most heartily wish the new administration.

—The pumping station of the Lexington Water Works was partially destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The engineer, Mr. T. L. Bruce, left the place about nine o'clock, after banking up the fires, as usual. At that time every thing was apparently safe. But shortly after twelve o'clock passengers on the last train from Boston discovered the flames and gave an alarm. The fire is supposed to have caught from wood placed in the boiler room to dry. The building is of brick, in two parts, separated by a wall but connected by a wooden door. The boiler room, in which the fire originated, was completely gutted, and considerable damage was also done in the other room, though more from smoke than from fire. The boilers are not seriously damaged, but the connections and fittings are ruined. The fire department responded promptly on the alarm being given, and if it had not been for their well directed efforts we are told that the entire structure would have been destroyed. An engineer was immediately sent for to adjust the engines and boiler to get them into working order as soon as possible, and the same was accomplished on Monday, so that they were in working order that night. The accident was a most unfortunate one, especially at this season of the year, but in spite of the many difficulties the company has been able to furnish a sufficient water supply by promptly going to work to repair the damage done.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

It has been said with much truth that "a happy New Year" may come at any season when fresh hopes spring joyously and give the new purpose to living and doing. Still the first day of January seems to be the time when long established custom gives its sanction to making the day the beginning of a new era in our lives and the time for the warmest and most heart-felt congratulations.

As this week has been a particularly quiet one in our village, we must attribute it to the fact that everybody is taking account of stock, looking over the debt and credit list and resolving to be square with the world the next year.

Now that Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years have dropped into the past, what next? We presume there will be much interest and criticism in regard to what the Legislature will do during its present session.

Everybody is interested in the laws of our state, and indeed the people are virtually the law makers.

The new year furnished an appropriate subject for many a sermon last Sabbath, and we are quite sure all pedestrians pondered the text, "Wherefore let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and the eyes of many, we fear, had a downward rather than an upward look. Rev. Mr. Branigan preached from the words found in Isaiah, vi., 5th to 8th verses inclusive.

LEXINGTON BRIEFS, Etc.
—Mr. James F. Russell is wintering at Jacksonville, Florida.

—The annual meeting of the Hancock society will be held on Monday evening, January 10.

—When are the gentlemen to give that supper and entertainment for the Unity Club?

—Miss M. E. Pierce and Mr. Skinner sang at the Hancock church on Sunday last, their services being complimentary.

—The regular monthly missionary concert took place at the Hancock church on Sunday evening and proved an interesting and instructive service.

—Next Wednesday, at the Baptist church, the ladies sewing circle will meet and hold a sociable in the evening to which all members of the congregation are invited.

—At the communion service at the Hancock church, on Sunday afternoon, twelve new members were received into the church.

—Next Sunday will occur the regular monthly temperance meeting at the First Parish church, to which all are cordially invited.

—The annual meeting of the Lexington fire department and the election of officers will occur the last Thursday in February.

—Several sleighing parties have been entertained at the Massachusetts House the past week. If the sleighing continues there is prospect that the grand old hall will resound with the happy voices of many social parties.

—Early on Monday morning the house just over the Lexington line, in Bedford, near a watering trough, which will perhaps better locate it, was burned to the ground. No alarm was given, so no assistance was sent. As far as we can learn the building was unoccupied.

—There was sufficient water in the tank of the water works to last two days after the boiler had been repaired, so there was less danger of a water famine than was at first thought when the burning occurred. The building is to be repaired as rapidly as possible.

—C. S. Parker, Editor of the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE and LEXINGTON MINUTE-MAN, was presented last Sunday by the members of the primary department in the Sunday school in the Pleasant street Congregational church, with an elegant silver pitcher and goblet. Mr. Parker has for a long time been superintendent of that department.—Boston Globe.

—Mr. Samuel Jones, late of Somerville and for many years a resident of this village, was buried from the Baptist church on Sunday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, Rev. L. B. Hatch conducting the services. The deceased had reached the age of seventy-seven years.

—The officers of the Sunday school of the Baptist church were elected for the coming year at the regular session of the school on Sunday. Dr. Raymond was chosen superintendent; Mr. A. M. Tucker, assistant superintendent; Walter Lambkin, treasurer; Miss Emily Ferguson, secretary; Miss Susie Peckham, librarian. The school commences the new year under most favorable circumstances.

—On Sunday morning, during the service at the Hancock church, Rev. Edward G. Porter read a letter from the city missionary thanking the members of the church and Sunday school for the offerings sent to him for distribution among the poor on Christmas day. He stated that the gifts from this church exceeded in quantity and value those contributed by any of the other societies who remembered the city poor at Christmas. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—The lecture under the auspices of George G. Meade Post 119, G. A. R., on Thursday evening, was well attended, and proved quite as interesting as it was presented to be. Mr. Betram Sparhawk was the lecturer, and he had for his subject a topic which is seldom heard from on the lecture platform, so its novelty gave it an additional interest. The lecturer's remarks were instructive to those not at all acquainted with the customs and resources of Africa, and his descriptions of the people and their modes of living and conducting of civil affairs was highly entertaining.

The State of California has 38,600,000 acres of unoccupied land. The great scarcity of water is what now troubles the Californians more than the Chinese question.

Medical co-education has been decided a failure at Berlin, and henceforth women are not to be admitted as hospital students, or even allowed to attend the regular medical lectures.

General Miles says that we have in this country material for the finest light cavalry in the world. In the event of a war we could recruit upon the plains 50,000 cowboys, who would make, with very little drill, matchless cavalymen, far superior to the Cossacks in the Russian service.

During the season of 1886 the United States Fish Commission has distributed over 90,000,000 young shad in the various streams and waters of the country, at an expense of less than \$20,000. As less than 6,000,000 shad are taken for the market in a season, fifteen young fish are put into the water for every old one removed.

It is intended to construct a large tower in London in commemoration of the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. The tower is to be 440 feet high at the extreme top, from which may be seen eight or nine counties. It will overlook every other structure yet built in London. It is proposed to erect this structure at the top of Oxford street, where the ground lies high.

The French chemists are constantly experimenting on various herbs, noxious weeds, etc., for the purpose of seeing whether these plentifully-bestowed nuisances can not be utilized by extracting their oils, gums, resins or other valuable properties, or reducing them to pulp or fiber, convert them into cloth, paper or what not, and thus introduce or originate some new industry, and at the same time make these vegetable droncs valuable.

On the 27th of next June the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, Ga., accompanied by a number of their Southern friends and acquaintances, will leave Atlanta, and on the 2d of July embark for Europe on board one of the Antwerp steamers, of the Red Star Line, sailing from New York. The Gate City Guard is said to be the crack military battalion of the South, and the principal object of the voyage is for recreation and sight-seeing in the various cities of Europe, after which the Guard will return home, expecting to reach Atlanta by the 1st of September.

Although not yet out of the experimental stage, electric street railways are rapidly gaining ground in public favor. Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Toronto and other cities already have electric street railways in successful and profitable operation. About a dozen new roads are in course of construction, and a score or two more are projected. Montgomery, Ala., will be the first city in the world to have a complete electric street railway system. In New York it is expected that a new and powerful Daft electric motor will soon be making trips on the Ninth Avenue Elevated Road, hauling a train of four or five cars.

Numerous instances have been recorded of late in the medical journals, says Science, "of the complete reunion of portions of fingers which had been cut off from the hand, in some cases by the knife, and in others by the axe. In one case a man, in cutting kindlings for the morning fire, accidentally cut off the end of his thumb. He had gone from the place some twenty feet, when he returned, picked up the end, wiped it and replaced it, binding it in its original place as nearly as possible. The wound united; and the finger is now as good as ever, save that its sensibility is somewhat diminished. In another case a boy chopped off the ends of three fingers. He was seen by a physician three or four hours after the accident. The ends of the fingers had been found in the snow, and were brought to him. He attached them, and two of the three united."

"The Manufacturer and Builder thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a new and distinct ambition for a remote and vague one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not so profitable as a vision of a lot 100x200, with a snug little dwelling house upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have the vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in passions, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt, incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, inciting him to all industry and to self-government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the workman should be to convert his earnings into real estate."

A Chicago carpenter identified the bodies of three French Canadians who lost their lives in a recent railroad disaster, secured from the company the payment of \$5,000 for each of the dead men's families, and then settled with the latter for one-half this sum. He will make a first class lawyer.

Canada is making an experiment regarding the use of the Bible in public schools which will be watched with interest in this country. A volume of Scripture selections has been prepared with a view to including only such portions of the King James version as are acceptable to Catholics as well as Protestants. Archbishop Lynch has examined and approved it, and a large number of clergymen of various Protestant denominations have indorsed it.

It is reported that the celery-raising business, for which Kalamazoo, Mich., has become famous, is being largely overdone there. Every inch of available marsh land has been converted into celery beds, and the search for more land continues. It is not alone the quantity raised that hurts the business, but the quality, which is deteriorating on account of the anxiety of the growers to get as many stalks on the market as possible. There is talk of organizing an association of growers to limit the quantity and keep up the quality.

The ancient belief that no murderer can keep the secret of his crime, but that remorse torments him with increasing torture, until in desperation he confesses his guilt, preferring punishment rather than the awful solitude of guilty reflection, is borne out in the case of the murderer Lestrang, who gave himself up in Chicago recently, confessing the murder of Walker in New York City six weeks previous. Lestrang had escaped to Chicago, where he was unknown, after shooting Walker, a fellow thief and "pal," in the back, at the end of a quarrel over the division of booty. The murder was as cowardly a crime as was ever perpetrated, Lestrang stepping up behind his victim while he was looking out of a window and shooting him in the back with the revolver close against his coat. Owing to the worthlessness of the victim, the search for the murderer had stopped, and Lestrang might never have been captured if he had not revealed his identity. But the guilty man gave himself up at Pinkerton's Detective Agency in Chicago, declaring that Walker's spirit was haunting him, and that he had had no rest since the crime was committed.

Chief Drummond, of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, has asked Superintendent Murray, of the New York police, to sound a note of warning to the business community in regard to a quantity of counterfeit twenty-dollar silver certificates of the series of 1880. They first appeared in 1883 and caused much trouble, especially in Western cities. In December, 1884, the counterfeiters were arrested and the plates captured. Some of the notes were also secured, but it was known that the forgers buried many thousand dollars. A few of them have recently reappeared, and it is thought probable they will be largely put upon the New York market during the holiday season. The numbers used are B 1467 X and B 1487415 X. They bear the name of James Gillfillan, Treasurer, and B. K. Bruce, Register. The counterfeiters are one-eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine notes. There are several blemishes in the letterpress. In the words "silver certificate" on the left panel the letters "r" and "t" are engraved wrong side up. On the back the word "taxes" is made to read "tates," and "engraved" is spelt "engraved." There are no periods dividing the initials in the signature "B. K. Bruce."

Great crowds have been collecting every evening at Messrs. Emanuel Schwartz & Co.'s, London, to see the process of polishing what is deemed the champion diamond of the world. Within sight through the large plate-glass window the artist sits at his bench before the little upright wooden stand on which, fastened with the composition used for the purpose, stands the half-polished diamond, one part described as being rough and dull as rock salt, the other flaming with internal fire. The artist works on the stone with a curious looking polisher, an instrument described as resembling a thickish bit of ordinary fire-wood, with one end cut wedge-wise and covered with composition, and keeps scrubbing and scrubbing with a gentle firmness. It is stated that the diamond, which is from South Africa, will, when fully cut, number a third more carats than the Koh-i-noor, which will have to hide its diminished head in the presence of a luminary bigger than a billiard ball. To those who dearly love and long for the diamond it may be interesting to know that the jewel is valued at half a million. The very chips that are cut off in the polishing fetch small fortunes. The King of Portugal gave \$40,000 for one of them. It is proposed to purchase this magnificent gem by a national subscription as a jubilee present to the Queen, to whom the admirers of England and the English will be permitted to subscribe.

HOW OFTEN.
How many lips have uttered one sweet word,
Ever the sweetest word in any tongue!
How many listening hearts have wildly stirred,
While burning blushes to the soft cheeks sprung.
And dear eyes, deepening with a light divine,
Were lifted up, as thine are now to mine!
How oft the night, with silence and perfume,
Has hushed the world, that heart might speak to heart,
And made in each dim haunt of leafy gloom
A trying place where love might meet and part,
And kisses fall unseen on lips and brow
As on thine, sweet, my kisses linger now!
—Charles L. Hildreth.

THE POSTMISTRESS.

BY SIDELLA B. EDGECOME.
"Muffins and crumpets made to order." Thus ran the written notice, penned, too, in characters nearly approaching half text, stuck up in one of the few principal shops facing the main street.
The unimportant village of "Lammerton" lay somewhat far away from any town, and therefore did a fair amount of steady going business on its own account. Foremost of all ranked the repository, or store, rented by Janet Lisle, in which she sold stationery, newspapers, the magazines of the day if duly ordered in time, besides a variety of useful odds and ends. She was also the village postmistress, and carried out the duties of her office with a marked regard to promptitude. In each of these pursuits, however, she was aided by her pretty and winsome niece, Elsie Falconbridge.
In all reality, Elsie was more mistress of the postal department than Janet Lisle herself. It was she who ordinarily undertook the dispatch of that twice-a-day letter-bag, bestowing upon each missive previously the due official stamp-mark. "Janet Lisle's right hand, in fact," as everyone said. She, too, it was who made the muffins and crumpets—muffins and crumpets which were so popular in the village that no one ever dreamt of having a tea party without also having "muffins and crumpets" to match.
"Oblige me with a two-cent stamp, Miss Falconbridge, won't you?" and a somewhat elderly man at that moment stared her in the face—this necessarily, however—through the gap made in the wire network marking off the space allotted to the postoffice department.
She handed him what he required.
"And a registered envelope, also," he said.
Again she had fulfilled his request.
"Thank you," and without more ado he deposited a twenty-dollar note within the same.
"All right," he soliloquized, as old gentlemen are so fond of doing. "Come, that's done, at any rate," he added, in self-congratulatory fashion.
Then came aloud, questioning:
"In the letter-box?—or shall I leave it with you?"
"You can leave it here, sir," answered Elsie, quietly.
Others were now coming in fast, demanding this and that, and in adopting a calm exterior lay her only chance of attending rightly to each petitioner.
Janet Lisle also was unusually busy that afternoon. Miss Veal, the richest old lady in the parish, gave a large tea party that very evening, and muffins and crumpets were accordingly being sent off in startlingly large quantities.
"Is there any letter waiting for me to-day, please?" asked a somewhat timid voice a few minutes later on.
"No, Miss Josephine, nothing."
"I am sorry. Disappointing—is it not?"
The two speakers seemed fully to comprehend each other. There existed, apparently, a sort of pleasant sympathy between them.
Both were pretty. Both looked good, and also thoroughly in earnest. Only that the assistant postmistress appeared full of brightness and life, and the girl now facing her wore the aspect of being tired of life already.
"Yes, very. I am sorry too."
"Thank you. You are always kind. I will look in again to-morrow, if my doing so will not trouble you too much."
"Not at all, Miss Josephine."
The last named was already moving away to make room for some one else. Elsie Falconbridge had, however, not yet completed her business with the late lawyer's daughter.
"Auntie," she whispered, "take my place here for a moment."
Janet Lisle nodded in assent.
"Do come in here an instant with me, won't you?" and Elsie signalled that Miss Josephine should accompany her into the cozy back parlor, where all was now in readiness for tea. "The fact is, Miss Josephine, I've done the most stupid thing imaginable to-day—made a mistake, and prepared nearly twice the number of crumpets that will be wanted by anybody. Isn't it absurd of me? You won't mind—no, I'm sure you won't, Miss Josephine—helping me out of my trouble?"
"But how?" came, hesitatingly, in response. Then came—ah! so bravely, for it is ever difficult to tell the plain truth in such matters—"I can't. It's quite impossible. We have no money. Don't you understand?"
"Absurd!" was the interruption.
"Why, it's a favor I'm asking of you; don't you see? I knew you would be in to-day, for certain, and would befriend me. It's only that I want you, if you don't mind the trouble, to carry home a dozen or so to your sweet mother. Many's the dozen she has ordered from us in the past, when, perhaps, we haven't been able to supply her. One can't forget that fact, you know, in a hurry. So there they are, Miss Josephine, all hot and ready—buttered, for I don't think you would know how to do it yourself. You had better go out this way, by the side-door, and then no one will be the wiser for the favor you've done me."
For one brief instant her worn, pale-faced companion had bent down impulsively and laid her own soft cheek against Elsie's, and the next, wholly unable to speak, she had disappeared.
"A rather heavier mail-bag to-night than usual, wasn't it, Elsie?"
"Yes, aunt. Thank you for doing it up for me. At any rate, the registered letters did not occupy you a long while."

"No, child."
Meanwhile Elsie had been engaged in penning a dozen words or more upon a large sheet of letter-paper, and the following morning, side by side with the well-known "muffin and crumpet" statement, appeared the following:
"A young lady, clever and well-educated, desirous of a good morning or daily engagement as governess. Terms moderate. Excellent references. Apply for particulars within."
Miss Josephine had, in a most inexpressible way, won the woman's entire sympathy, and also the admiration of Elsie. And yet the latter never seemed to forget the difference in station that she considered still existed between her favorite and herself. She only knew that the lawyer's daughter was a very model of sweet patience, and that she and all at home were as poor as any church mouse.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed little Bob Travers that morning, as the letters were brought in. "What shoals of letters! What a lot of governesses we shall have, mother! I do declare if it won't be just like an evening party."
"Hold your tongue, Bob!" urged his father, peremptorily. "Leave the room."
Letters of importance had to be discussed, most of them bearing reference to what Bob had termed the "evening party."

Some applicants declaring they were experienced, b. cause middle-aged. Others asserted that they were young, and therefore generally regarded as having an attractive way with children; which latter statement was yet worse. The last-described young ladies would perhaps prove attractive in other ways, and fail desperately in love with the quiet bachelor—Uncle Fred.

No, that wouldn't do at all, and in a decided fit of ill-humor Bob's father threw the entire batch of letters into the fire.

As usual, when perturbed in mind, "mother" turned the current of conversation by addressing Uncle Fred.

"I wish, when passing Janet Lisle's to-day, you would ask for our magazines."

All was hurry skurry, as usual, three or four hours later on in the post-office. A variety of small packages required immediate weighing; and it was at this very juncture that Uncle Fred placed his foot upon the threshold.

Something had, however, just caught his eye, and without more ado he beat a hasty retreat—not, however, to a great distance off.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated. "There! We have been hunting about all this while—and to what purpose? 'Particulars within.' Eh? Why, I'll go in at once and inquire."

Uncle Fred was a widower, and had, therefore, made his home of late years with his sister Polly's family. Anything, he thought, was better than living alone.

He was rich, too, and a highly cultivated man, with a peculiar faculty also for engaging in the performance of kindly actions. Like the rest of the family, however, he had only lately come into the neighborhood.

"Will you excuse my troubling you about the notice in the window?" Elsie started visibly an instant. Yes, of course. This was not the first occasion upon which she had seen that certainly striking face! Yesterday, of course, when he had sent off the registered letter.

But Elsie was instantly all attention. Yes, she could tell him all he required to know—and did so; and even as she spoke, Elsie's eyes sparkled brightly and lovingly. She was doing now what it rejoiced her true woman's heart to venture upon—trying to help her favorite.

"And Miss Falconbridge thought that the young lady in question might be fully relied upon in her guidance of little children?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me! Yes—most certainly." "You can give me her address?" Elsie noted it down quickly upon a slip of paper.

Before the end of that certainly eventful day, Miss Josephine was engaged as daily governess in the family of Uncle Fred's sister, at the moderate salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Some months have passed away since then. Kind Uncle Fred, that he ever is, has just appeared in the large, old-fashioned hall, and is assisting "Miss Josephine" in putting on her cloak previous to taking her departure for home. He, and "Sister Polly" also, are both made of good stuff, and folks say, and—Heaven bless them for it!—only wish to make her feel at home with them.

And for the reason, therefore, it seems that Uncle Fred not only, on this special evening, escorts her to the hall-door, but also a short distance on the road toward home.

As he says, the evening is so lovely, and the balmy outer air will do him good.

She is telling him—why, she does not exactly know—something about their troubles at home since "dear father" died.

"In fact, you know," went on "Miss Josephine," quite simply, "he had not even a penny left in the house. It was too dreadful, sir."

She paused a moment; then went on, in the least degree nervously:
"Shall I tell you what I did?"

"Yes."
"I advertised, then, in the country paper—don't be shocked, please. At any rate, I did it for the best—whether right or wrong, I don't quite know."

"I merely said, then, that a widow and her daughters—all born to better things, as it had seemed—were suddenly thrown into the lowest depths of poverty—and asked for help."

Uncle Fred gave a sort of slight nervous start at this moment, but "Miss Josephine" did not notice it. She was thinking only at that instant of the terrible struggle which had urged her to take such a step as that which she was now describing.

"And the result?" he asked, quietly.

"What was it?"
"No answer came," she returned, gravely, but earnestly. "Possibly those who read the words did not believe in their truth; or possibly some did so who were not in a position to aid us."

"I see," and Uncle Fred spoke now, as if dreamily. "There! I must leave you, Miss Josephine. Very sorry for it—very sorry, indeed. Have just suddenly remembered something. You'll excuse my running away thus abruptly; won't you? Will be a trifle more courteous

next time. Horribly hard-hearted of the people; wasn't it, Miss Josephine?" And thus talking glibly—as if, too, he did not exactly know what he was saying—Uncle Fred lifted his hat and disappeared.

The following Thursday morning, just as "Miss Josephine" was starting for her usual daily occupation, a letter was placed in her hand by the postman; after reading which, that young lady marched deliberately upstairs again, removed her hat and cloak, chafed away with her pocket handkerchief a great many tears that for some reason or other would insist upon pouring down her cheeks, and then set to work to re-read the following words:

"DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE: Pardon my abrupt leave-taking yesterday; but I will now explain. Returning home expressly by way of the post-office, I did a small stroke of business there on my own account."

"Miss Elsie Falconbridge was out, having gone to spend the evening with the widowed, and alas! now childless mother, of her once, and so lately too, sailor lover. We have, however, already spoken together—you and I—of this unlooked-for event, and also of the brave way in which Miss Elsie bears the heavy blow."

"But I would now speak of something else—so selfish are we all in this world, you see. I persuaded the good dame, Janet Lisle, to assist me in something which was puzzling me very much."

"I heard last evening, for the first time, of course—and also from your own lips, most strange to say—that a twenty-dollar note, which I had sent you in answer to your advertisement asking for aid, never reached you. It had not, I now find, miscarried in the ordinary way that letters do occasionally go astray; but it was as impossible, you will presently see, that it should ever have reached your abode, as the residence of one of the ancient patriarchs."

The letter containing the amount named was, it appears, although placed in a registered envelope for which I duly paid, dispatched, and in the hurry-skurry of the moment it was never entered, either, in the official book. The fault was, of course, my own, quite as much as that of any one else; but every one was asking hurried questions at the moment, and my letter—yours, rather—paid the penalty. Then, as fate would have it, it landed itself otherwise than in the legitimate post bag, and dropped, how is best known to itself, behind a drawer that is rarely opened."

"Forgive the details, however. Janet Lisle had only discovered the thus hidden-away missive half an hour before I appeared upon the scene—mark the coincidence—and was in a state of no little consternation."

"Picture also my own dismay."

"The mystery, however, is now solved. I will not again tender the amount for your acceptance, as there certainly seems to be something unfortunate about my first career—beside which, on my part, I am going to ask a favor from yourself."

"Will you, I ask, become my wife!—and also kindly acknowledge promptly the receipt of this letter, or I shall be compelled to take it for granted that my second communication has shared the fate of my first."

"Miss Josephine," like a wise woman, answered the letter just received by return of post.

The years have flown since then, and matters go on much as usual in that small township of Lammerton.

But there are changes, nevertheless. Janet Lisle knows her place no more in the cozy little postoffice. She has already gone home long since to rest and sweet Elsie Falconbridge is now the mistress of everything.

Her hair, however, though still beautiful, is in these days white—white as the driven snow; and the abiding expression upon her still handsome face is that of one who has passed through a mighty and also terrible sea of trouble, and borne the trial only as a true heroine could.

She knows, she says, that God has ordered all, and that she shall see her sailor lover again one day in heaven.

But there is still one person in the world whom she loves dearly, and that is the happy, true-hearted wife of "Uncle Fred."

"I owe all—every bit, in fact—of my happiness to you, sweetest Elsie," as Josephine says. "It all dates from the day—don't you remember?—when you gave me muffins and crumpets."

"And also did patched my registered letter so carefully," remarks Uncle Fred, quaintly. —Frank Leslie's.

Twice Mistaken.

The resemblance between Attorney-General Garland and First Comptroller Durham is very striking, and hardly a day passes that one of them is not mistaken for the other, often giving rise to very ludicrous scenes. Each one is tall, with a cleanly shaven face, snapping black eyes, and rugged features, while the similarity of their slouched hats and their attire generally adds to the likeness. There was a similar case in 1860, when a wonderfully striking likeness existed between Mr. Guy, the landlord of the National Hotel, and Senator Cass, who was one of his guests. One morning a Baltimorean, who had taken two or three cocktails, meeting General Cass in one of the upper entries of the hotel, rushed up to him, slapped him heavily on the shoulder, and said: "Old Guy, how are you? You must give me a better room, or I will go to some other hotel."

So soon as General Cass could recover from his surprise he exclaimed: "Sir, you are mistaken; I'm not Mr. Guy; I am Senator Cass of Michigan. You should be more careful before you salute people as you just did me." The man was terribly mortified, and sought consolation in another cocktail. Just as he left the bar-room he met, as he thought, his friend Guy, and going up to him, said: "Guy, I made a terrible mistake just now. I thought that I met you upstairs, slapped you on the shoulder, and asked for a better room, but it turned out that it was old Cass and not you."

"Sir," exclaimed the person spoken to, "you have made a mistake again. I am Senator Cass, and you have been drinking. You should be ashamed of yourself, sir!" The man took the next train for Baltimore. —Washington Letter.

A Princess in Purple.

The Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, is addicted to the use of purple. During the few days she spent in Paris she was so frequently seen in purple garments that the color has become suddenly fashionable here. Until the other day it was looked upon as only suitable for old ladies, and now it is being seen upon young girls and even upon children. It is the imperial color of Denmark, and suits the fair Princess Marie admirably. One evening at the Dejazet Theatre she was seen in the dress of purple plush with a gold plastron. She is fond of wearing a purple velvet capote with a gold sash, and a purple velvet mantle lined with gold. Her latest traveling mantle is made of purple cloth trimmed with gold passementerie. —Paris Letter.

DEVOTION.
Just as the hill-crowned lake reflects the sky
That o'er it bends—shines blue when it is blue.
Is gray when dim and hoary clouds float by,
And bright when sunset limbs a gorgeous hue.
The tapestries of eve with crimson dye,
And gleams when night's soft dusky hands renew
The heaven's star-studded diadem on high,
Whose million jewels glisten clear and true:
So is reflected in a maiden's eye,
Through lashes long and drooping eyelids shy,
Each changing mood of him whom she loves best;
Whether in sorrow dim or gladness bright,
Love shines with constant and devoted light,
Through her soul's windows, ever self-consumed!
—John M. Cameron.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When women obtain the right to vote, there will be a good deal more bustle in politics than there is at present. —Boston Courier.

A Boston firm publishes a work entitled "A Girl's Room." The average girl's room is two seats in a horse car. —New Haven News.

The fact that a man has not cut his hair for ten or twelve years need not necessarily imply that he is eccentric. He may be bald.

Talmage says he is certain that man is not descended from any other animal; but we are positive we have seen a man descend from a horse. —Lynn Union.

Why does the beautiful maiden seem so weary and so vexed?
She's just found out the tale will be "Continued in our next."
—Merchant Traveler.

"How easily a man may make a mistake that he will regret a lifetime," feelingly observes an Ohio editor. It is inferred that he was recently married. —Norristown Herald.

Passenger: "That's all the money I have." Conductor (examining a trade dollar): "I can't take that piece." Passenger: "Ah, well, give it to the company, then." —Tid-Bits.

"Pa, have you got the hydrophobia?" "No, Bertie; what makes you ask that question?" "Well, I heard ma say to-day that you got awfully bitten when you thought she had a fortune in her own name." —Harper's Bazar.

Before marriage the young man feels that he is profoundly unworthy of the dear girl, and she knows that he is worthy. After marriage they both change their minds—she adopts his opinion and he hers. —Chicago Mail.

Said Mr. Heapeck to a friend: "The combined age of my wife and myself is forty years; now guess our respective ages." If your ages aggregate forty, I suppose your wife represents four and you represent the naught. —Texas Siftings.

Horace Greeley said that the saddest day of a young man's life is when he comes into the possession of a dollar he has not honestly earned. It is pretty sad for him, though, when he doesn't come into possession of a dollar he has honestly earned. —Lynn Union.

TWILL NEVER DIE.
'Tis heard as soon as breaks the morn
And heard each hour till day is o'er;
'Tis centuries since it was born
And it will last for centuries more—
Perhaps till Gabriel blows his horn—
The winter order: Shut the door!
—Boston Courier.

Sugar Cane.

The recent experiments conducted by the Agricultural Department under a new process for extracting the juice of the sugar cane, by the process of diffusion, have resulted quite successfully. The process may be described by saying that it extracts the juice of the cane by soaking. It is nothing new, having been practised in Europe for many years. The juice passes from the cells of the cane into water in which the cane has been placed. By the old process the juice is crushed out by direct pressure, the cane being passed between rollers. Experts report that the average yield of juice extracted by pressure is from fifty-six to sixty-one per cent. of the quantity contained in the cane, although with special care, and by using the best mills, seventy and even eighty per cent. has been obtained. Generally, however, from one-fourth to one-third of the sugar is lost, and is burned with the bagasse. By diffusion, on the other hand, a much larger per cent. is extracted, and the juice is obtained free from impurities. The substitution of diffusion for pressure in India some years ago raised the percentage in quantity from seventy to eighty-four per cent., while the total gain of crystallized sugar was forty-three per cent. The diffusion process has been so perfected in the manufacture of beet sugar that ninety-five per cent. of the juice is saved. Some recent experiments with Louisiana cane sugar resulted in 134 pounds of sugar to the ton of cane, whereas, by the old process only eighty pounds could have been produced, and this means a vast increase in the production of Louisiana cane sugar, and a decided impetus to the growth of sorghum. —Oultigator.

The West Point Military Academy.

The corps of cadets at the West Point Military Academy consists of one from each Congressional district, one from each Territory, one from the District of Columbia, and ten from the United States at large. With the exception of the latter, the cadets are chosen appointees of the members of Congress of the districts where vacancies occur. They are appointed one year in advance of their admission to the academy, and appointees must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years. Candidates are examined under regulations to be prescribed from time to time by the Secretary of War, and must be versed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography and of the history of the United States. By applying to the Secretary of War, Washington, D.C., further information can be obtained. —Boston Oultigator.

The number of fruit trees in California is given as follows: Apple, 2,700,010; peach, 1,200,000; pear, 400,000; plum and prune, 600,000; cherry, 400,000; apricot, 400,000; orange, 1,600,000; lime and lemon 500,000. It is estimated that there are 70,000 acres of grapevines.

CHARACTER IN THE HAND.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCIENCE OF CHIROMANCY.

No Two Hands Alike—Points About Materialistic, Scientific and Artistic Hands.

Just as phrenology when treated honestly and reasonably yields useful as well as interesting knowledge, so chiromancy if studied for the truth at bottom will reveal many exact details of personal character; that a man's future may be broadly predicted from his predominant traits no one of ordinary observation will deny. That chiromancy owes much of its charm to its supposed ability to forecast coming events is not to be gainsaid. But the object of this paper is rather to deal with it in its more probable phases which serve as foundation for the less probable.

Let any one notice the various hands that pass before him. Should 100 different pairs come under his observation, even a cursory glance will reveal that no two are alike, and that the variety is equal to the number. Long and short, thick and thin, broad and narrow, just as in faces. And if the variety in faces depends upon the soul behind the features, why should not the hands, implements of the soul, indicate the sort of soul that handles them?

A closer study will reveal corresponding differences in thumbs, fingers, palms, joints, skin texture, etc. From these variations chiromants derive the information that frequently appears so startling to the uninitiated. A few of the ways for determining character from the conformation of the hands may be of interest to the curious. These are gathered both from personal observation and from works of acknowledged authority.

The general appearance of the hand comes most readily under our notice, and therefore might be spoken of first. A hand with a large, thick and excessively hard palm, unpliant fingers, and a thumb straight across the tip (technically "truncated") shows the owner to be most thoroughly wrapped up in the material world. In the lower grades of intelligence this hand will indicate the worker at coarse employment—the digger, the handler of stone, the stable drudge. Higher opportunities may develop the buyer and seller, even the banker, whose soul is in his stock. These hands indicate that the mind which guides them is unimaginative, usually dull, sluggish and careless. If with this hand the tips of the fingers approach the conical, then their possessor is superstitious, easily impressed by unusual phenomena, therefore he may be affected by poetry.

Another form of hand suggests an instrument used by the chemist in mixing his ingredients, the spatula—flat, broad, and bulging at the ends. Such hands are a little higher in grade than the preceding. They indicate a love of bodily exercise, an ability to overcome physical obstacles. This hand seeks not only for the necessities of life, but also for the comforts. It prefers to labor rather than to suffer want. It declares a man to be what some women consider the highest qualification in a husband, "a good provider." The senses that guide it are more active than delicate—they have that natural intelligence which enables them to gain some mastery over nature. The mind, in this case, is not easily affected by variations of beauty, therefore it is more constant in love, governed by duty. Artisans possess this hand. Whatever field offers bodily exercise pleases it; explorers who go constantly from place to place, who require to be self-dealing and self-reliant, fearless of solitude, will have some form of this hand. It indicates a worship of the useful. A nation in which this hand abounds will have perfect machinery, many comforts, much wealth. It will care little for poetry, show little emotional excitement, will regard gesture and sentiment as affectation. The people will be fond of freedom, therefore interested in politics.

Another hand, which might be called the useful hand, is known by its medium size, rather large than small; fingers, instead of being smooth, knotted, with the last joint, or phalange, square; thumb large, its base well developed; the palm large and tolerably firm. The owner of this hand will, if there is any truth in palmistry, possess a love of order, a persevering spirit, the power of foresight. He will be a good leader, for he has the ability to classify and to organize, to plan good methods. He has a very limited power of imagination, restraining it by what he can comprehend. His standard of action and judgment will be the fitness of things. Literature, poetry, art, will affect him only as he sees their utility.

The very opposite extreme of qualities is proclaimed by the artistic hand. Its appearance of refinement at once attracts attention to it. The general outline is conical, terminating in finger tips more or less pointed. If this hand is planned with a small thumb and moderately developed palm, the mind which directs it will be most interested and delighted with the beautiful in form. This hand may have as a variety a broad, short, and thick palm, with a large thumb; then it will seek after wealth and honor, not for their own sake, but for the delights which accompany them. The chief possession of the artistic hands is the imagination; to whatever field their possessors may turn, their fancy will either brighten or darken the view. They care little for the mechanic arts; they prefer to be guided rather by inspiration and intuition than by rule. According to the variety of the hand the motives of action will be enthusiasm or stratagem, or the promptings of pleasure. Their inclination will be to look for beauty before truth. They desire leisure, novelty, freedom. The characters with this hand are very contradictory, being at the same time fearful and daring, humble and vain, possessing much impetuosity and little power. This hand indicates a roving disposition, because of the desire for novelty; and the fact that the owner is swayed by a love of beauty rather than of truth may produce fickleness of character and scorn of reason.

All these varieties of hand in their turn may be modified by varieties in structure. A hand of any one of these types which is firm, but not hard, elastic, but not soft, will indicate a high order of the prevailing qualities of the type. Large hands are usually a sign of physical strength, small ones of spirituality.

Large hands with small palms show their owners to be fond of detail, to look after the finish of their work, to admire delicacy rather than broadness of design. Two individuals of the same family may have hands which at first view appear alike; their minds and tastes will be alike, but as the hands will certainly differ in softness, pliancy, firmness, etc., so the aptitudes and modes of action will differ.

But the student of palmistry must not make the mistake of reading the character from the general view of the hand or palm. Fingers and thumbs, by their varieties, modify the story told by the larger parts.—*New York Sun.*

WISE WORDS.

The world is his who can see through its pretensions.

Those who have practiced vices, can best condemn them.

A smile, if put up to auction, will bring more on the block, than a sneer.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

The morning hour has gold in its mouth, and should be set apart for work and held sacred from intrusion.

The selfish people are those who never knew what real friendship is, and so cannot see how pleasant it is to do things for others.

When you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out of the windows and doors and illuminate even the darkness.

You need not hang your head or look abashed while knowing you have good reasons for respecting your own character. The loss of self respect is only surpassed by the loss of the soul.

Wonderful Medical Discoveries.

The medical journals for the last ten years have given accounts of wonderful discoveries in surgical science, and of their application in practice,—the filling up of large, deep wounds with sponge, and the organ and assimilation of the latter; skin-grafting, bone-grafting, and the successful adjustment and regrowth of fingers. Recently two other wonderful discoveries have been reported. One is the organization of rubber within the animal tissues; the other, the organizing of blood clots, their formation into new tissue, and the application of them to the surer and better healing of surgical wounds.

As to the first, it appears that Professor Vanlair, of France, had, in a certain case, inserted a drainage-tube, of ordinary gray vulcanized rubber, one and one-fourth inches in length and one-fifth in diameter, and that this, at the end of seven months, seemed to have undergone partial absorption.

But on examining it with a microscope, it was found that the substance of the rubber had become truly organized; that the lower end of the tube had become fully assimilated to the surrounding tissue, and had wholly lost its original form; that the part of the tube next above this had lost its original shapeless appearance and had acquired a complex structure, showing fine connecting tissue fibres, with cells of various forms between them, and very numerous capillary blood vessels.

Says the *Medical Record*: "That india-rubber can thus become organized is the more remarkable when we consider that it is a pure vegetable exudation, devoid of structure, and seemingly more calculated to act as a foreign body and to prevent the union of wounded surfaces than to undergo organization and to become thus an integral part of the animal tissues."

The other discovery was by Schede, a German expert. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* says: "His reported results are almost marvellous; the blood fills the wound-cavity completely, clots and is gradually replaced by permanent tissue formation. By this method resection (amputation) of large joints has been healed by primary union, and large portions of the articular ends of bone have been removed without impairment of their articular function. Two hundred and forty-one operations are recorded by Schede, nearly all of which have healed under one dressing by primary union."

These operations included the amputation of forty large joints, with thirty-seven recovering, with no change of dressing, and no leakage. The wound having been duly prepared, the blood is let in and left to organize, the whole being covered with protective silk and other dressing.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Novel Scarf Pin.

One of the latest novelties is a miniature windmill to be worn as a scarf pin. It has little fans of silver which fly around with a pleasant buzzing sound whenever a current of air is thrown against them. The current of air is produced by a rubber bulb or pump held in the wearer's hand when in his pocket, a little tube leading therefrom to the windmill on the scarf. The windmill is not only ornamental but useful. It fills the place of a chestnut gong, but performs its office much more neatly. Whenever a loquacious friend seizes the possessor of one of these windmills and talks too long or too extravagantly, his earnestness is distracted by a whizz-z-z! whizz-z-z! Slightly disconcerted, the loquacious man endeavors to continue his discourse, but utters no more than a dozen words before—again comes the whizz-z-z! whizz-z-z! from beneath his victim's chin. The talker stops short, looks puzzled and slightly subdued, and inquires:

"What, in the name of heaven, is that?"

"Oh," replies the man who has his hand on the rubber ball in his trousers pocket, "that is the effect of the breeze you're givin' me!"—*Chicago Herald.*

Ancient Aqueducts.

The Romans knew the syphon and its use, but in their ignorance of metallurgy they were unable to use it as an economical means of crossing valleys when the volume of water was considerable. They did not use cast iron, but employed lead pipes of a crude character, as also clay pipes; and they knew how to prepare solder. The builders of their aqueducts had some acquaintance with the mode of leveling, the instrument they used being a sort of foreshadowing of the modern level. Still they knew that the means they adopted might lead them into error, and they preferred to err on the safe side, giving their aqueducts a great fall, from one in 500 to one in 750.—*Chicago Herald.*

LIFE AMONG THE WENDS.

REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT NATION IN NORTH GERMANY.

Both Sexes Tilling the Fields—Making Their Own Clothing and Furniture—Weddings and Funerals.

The Wends are the remnant, numbering altogether 140,000, of an ancient Slavonic nation, surviving in a few districts of North Germany, partly in Lusatia, a province of the Kingdom of Saxony, and partly of the Prussian province of Brandenburg, especially in the Spreewald, forty or fifty miles southeast of Berlin. The Spreewald is a level region of woodlands and marsh-meadows, intersected by many winding branches of the river Spree, which are traversed by punts; and a Berlin correspondent, who with a companion enjoyed a few weeks' sojourn in that district has furnished us with sketches of the people. They are industrious, frugal and comparatively wealthy peasants, retaining their national costume, manners, habits and language; but were friendly and hospitable to their visitors, and could speak German, which is taught in the schools. Around Burg, one of the largest villages, the Raupen or farmhouses are substantial buildings, whitewashed and thatched, the roofs having often high gables, ornamented with crossed and carved bams, and there is sometimes a wooden gallery outside the house. Formerly a carved figure of a horse's head, which had some mythological significance in half-pagan times, was a frequent decoration of the roof beams. On the grass-plot in front, where the homespun linen is spread for bleaching, a large fir tree is usually growing; the river close by is crossed by a raised foot-bridge with steepladder at each end, and with a single hand rail, while the punts are tied up at the landing place. The little garden is bright with red peonies and white guilder roses. Some hamlets are built on small islands, the shores of which are protected by stakes and beams at the water's edge. The Wendish men and women are seen working in their own fields, each peasant owning, perhaps, twenty acres, cultivated by the labor of himself and his family. Being so thrifty, and buying scarcely anything except groceries, making their own clothing and wooden furniture, they save a good deal of money. Every year the family will salt down or cure two sheep and two pigs for winter consumption; four or five stall-fed cows provide their milk and butter; there is poultry in the yard and fruit and vegetables in the garden. Wood is obtained from the forest that belongs to the local community, and peat is found in abundance. Their crops and cattle are chiefly for their own consumption. They grow their own flax, which is spun by the girls in merry winter evening parties, finishing with song and dance, and some of their homespun wool is exchanged at the neighboring town for wool dyed of bright colors, from which they weave the stuff of their splendid holiday and Sunday dresses.

A Wendish young lady wears a scarlet petticoat edged with black, with yellow seams up the plaits, a wide, clean apron, a black velvet corset, across which is folded a bright handkerchief of yellow and red pattern, and a starched white head dress of imposing shape. The wedding of a bride who had a dowry of \$20,000 thalers was a grand affair; the women appeared in bright silk head dresses with tremendous stiff ruffs of the Elizabethan style around their faces, lace neckerchiefs, velvet bodices and gorgeous silk aprons over the heavy skirts of embroidered cloth. The bride wore a myrtle wreath around her head, and carried her lace veil in her hands on leaving the church. The Wendish household is comfortable; there is a large tiled stove in the sitting-room, with a settle around it, and a bench goes all around the room; in the window, behind white curtains, are pots of flowers; the bedroom is snug and the huge feather bed is only too soft, but the bed linen is clean and fresh; large chests are filled with clothes for all occasions, neatly folded and scented with lavender. Different dresses, skirts, scarves and caps are worn by a Wendish lady at church, at the communion service, at a wedding or festival and in private life; she will have, perhaps, fifteen to eighteen dresses, each worth fifty to sixty thalers, but they last her lifetime. In going to a funeral, the women, over their black garments, put on long white shrouds, looking like ghosts; a boat filled with such mourners was rowed silently down the river, and with a bereaved mother intently gazing on her little child's coffin, decked with a black cross and wreaths of white flowers. These simple Wendish folk who live so peacefully not far from the great capital of Prussia will probably be Germanized before many years more have passed, and their picturesque peculiarities will no longer be seen on the banks of the Spree.

How Nutmegs Grow.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily-of-the-valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the season. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was said to be "as big as a church." Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done, carried the seeds, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries.

It Will Never Return.

The waves roll back on the desolate shore, The ships return over the sea, And the child returns to its father's door, And the cattle wind home from the lea. The leaves return with the spring-time bloom, And the light returns with the day— But the cash the candidate spent on his boom Is gone forever and aye!

—*Lynn Union.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The cave animals of North America, according to Professor A. S. Packard, comprise a total of 172 species of blind creature, nearly all of which are mostly white in color.

A communication to the French Academy of Sciences by Mons. C. V. Zenger, has called attention to the simultaneous occurrence of brilliant auroras and meteoric showers, suggesting a probable connection.

The importance of microbes to the growth of plants has been practically demonstrated by M. Laurent, who obtained only one fourth as much buckwheat from sterilized mould as in soil containing bacteria.

A new method of cure has been recently and successfully tried by a physician in Thuringia. He made the experiment of letting several of his phthisical patients pass the night in the open forest in hammocks, covered with cushions and plaids.

A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window-pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square metre of glass contains five thousand holes, which are of a conical shape, widening toward the inside. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

In the new organ now being built by Messrs. Willis for Canterbury Cathedral, the electric current is also employed as a transmitter of power from the fingers of the organist to the pipes, which will be 120 feet above him. This is no new application of electricity, for the same thing has been done in past years. But the system employed is new, and is the invention of the builders of the organ.

Mahogany is being rapidly introduced into every part of India, where it promises to thrive. The seeds sown have germinated remarkably well, a single pound planted in green-houses in the southern districts having yielded between three and four thousand plants. It is thought to be quite probable that the world may some day look to India instead of to America for its mahogany, as well as for its quinine. The eastern product of the latter has already become so extensive and of such superior quality that the cinchona bark exports to the United States of Colombia are said to have diminished fifty per cent. within five years.

In some of the great sawmill establishments of the West, six foot circular saws are run 760 revolutions to the minute. Running at 750 revolutions to the minute, the teeth of the six foot saw are traveling nearly three miles a minute. Six foot saws have been driven at as high rate of speed as 880 revolutions to the minute. In Michigan, a few years ago, a Canadian company geared up its mill to run its six foot saw 850 revolutions to the minute. A sawmill at Paducah, Ky., which had a seventy-six inch saw and steam feed, cut one day 10,571 feet of one inch poplar boards in about seventy minutes. In this trial the saw made no sawdust; each tooth tore out a strip of wood about one-quarter of an inch long. Michigan sawyers have boasted of a mill dropping sixteen one-inch sixteen-foot boards a minute, but this seems like an exaggeration.

The Largest Hay Market.

New York is the largest hay market in the country, and yet only a few thousand of the millions of bales which are brought here annually find their way out of the city. The supply does not exceed the enormous demand for city consumption. Outside of a few thousand bales which go to Brooklyn to make up the deficiency of the Long Island crop, the 2,500,000 bales which reach New York every year are consumed on Manhattan Island.

About a quarter of a century ago the counties along the Hudson River, south of Albany, were able to furnish the city with all the hay it needed, and twenty-five barges made weekly trips for forty weeks of the year to fetch the crop to market. Now it comes from every part of the State, and Ohio and Indiana are called upon to help supply the demand. Hay comes from even as far west as Kansas.

As the hay-growing district gradually worked farther West the carrying business fell into the hands of the railroads, and then the commission men made their appearance. There are now about twenty-five large commission dealers who handle hay exclusively, and a host of smaller dealers who either buy it and bring it here or handle it in connection with other produce. When the hay reaches this city it is classified into grade No. 1, grade No. 2, and grade No. 3. The average price is \$15 per ton. It is not usually weighed at this end, but is sold by the weight marked on each bale at the time of packing. The street railway companies insist upon having it weighed here before they buy it. Over \$16,000 worth comes in every day.—*New York World.*

Stealing a Cannon.

There must be some clever thieves in Russia. It might be supposed that a large cannon was about as hard a thing to walk away with as Mark Twain's white elephant; but apparently it is not safe to leave such little articles around loose in the country of the Czar.

The Odessa correspondent of the *London News* writes: A singular and audacious theft was perpetrated a few days ago at Sebastopol. The time-gun, which is fired every day at noon and again at sundown, after which no foreign vessel may leave the harbor, was stationed on the land-spit on which Fort Paul stood during the Crimean war. The time-gun was a brass cannon of considerable weight, and, along with its limber, was the other evening carried bodily away by thieves. The police have failed to recover the gun, the disappearance of which has subjected the port authorities to an amount of banter on their lax protection of the city defences.

Financial Ability.

"Do you know, Dumley, if Robinson is a man of any financial ability?"

"I imagine not, or he would occasionally have money in his pocket. I never asked him for a dollar yet that he didn't say he hadn't a cent in his pocket."

"Then what I've heard must be true?"

"What's that?"

"That he is a man of remarkable financial ability."—*New York Sun.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Though gas lights were used in 1792, they were not utilized for street lighting until 1825.

The death rate usually increases at the beginning of cold weather, especially among the old and debilitated.

John Harrison (1736-42), in response to a Parliamentary offer of a reward of £20,000, first constructed a clock which kept perfect solar time.

The first person upon whom the title of doctor was ever conferred was William Gardania. The college at Asti gave the degree in the year 1329.

Samuel Cross, of Cherry Camp, Va., has a thirty-six year old horse that is as active as any young horse, and has just cut a brand-new set of teeth.

Nearly a tenth part of Boston was consumed by fire on March 20, 1760, in about four hours. There were destroyed 174 houses, 175 warehouses and other buildings to the value of \$353,000.

A newly discovered Mexican flower is quite a wonder, if reports are true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night, and is further credited with emitting perfume only at the middle of the day. It grows on a tree of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Babylon was a square city five times larger than London, and traversed diagonally by the Euphrates. Its walls, 228 feet high and eighty-five feet thick, were studded with towers and pierced with gates. Its palaces and its hanging gardens, a system of terrace in imitation of mountain scenery, were among the wonders of the world.

In the Forum in Rome was the celebrated Temple of Janus, built entirely of bronze. From some early circumstance the custom was established of closing the gates of this temple during peace, but so incessant were the wars of the Romans, that during eight centuries the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed only three times.

Cards are supposed to be of Asiatic origin. The most ancient form of cards are still used in the French game of tarot, a name derived from the Arabic. The game had religious, necromantic, and scientific associations. The first game of cards of which we have historical record was called Landsknecht. It was played in Germany in 1275.

Chinese Music.

The writer of "The Talk of New York" in the *Brooklyn Eagle* says: One of our ex-Commissioners of Excise gives a queer account of some music he heard at a little dinner which some Chinese gentlemen offered him a day or two ago in Mott street. The dinner was excellent from every point of view, but the playing of the Chinese orchestra, after the dinner was over, defied all description. It seemed as if the different players had no object in view but the destruction of their different instruments. The man who played the most forcibly and seemed to consider himself entitled to the chief applause, hit the tom-tom with a force and a frequency worthy of a steam hammer. There seemed to be no particular melody about the thing or any concerted action among the players, each one working on his own responsibility and doing what he thought best to increase the general din. Every now and then there would come an access of frenzy over the orchestra, when each player played as if his life depended on it, and the result was something indescribable. In one of these tornadoes of sound it suddenly occurred to my acquaintance that he had solved one of the puzzles of his lifetimes. He had at last found out where Wagner got his ideas from, and when he mentioned the German composer's name to the leader of the orchestra, there was a smile of recognition, and the band went at once to work on another piece which invited applause in the listeners as well as the performers.

A Neat Trick.

The following game, from the *Pansey*, will be interesting for the children:

Bring a newspaper into a room; a pretty large one, for it seems more reasonable, as you go on to ask: "Can you and you (pointing to two members of the family circle) stand with both feet on the paper which I may spread on the floor, yet not touch each other?"

"Nonsense!" "It can't be done!" "Impossible!" will greet your ears.

Make them try, Mary. Encourage them now and then by telling them how you and Tom have done it. Give it to two others after the first two have tried long enough, until everybody has exhausted their ingenuity. Finally take it yourself when they have all laughed long enough over the ridiculous trials, and go to the doorsill; over it lay your paper. "Now, Tom," you call, "take your place."

Tom goes out over the paper and stands on his half as it lies over the sill. Then shut the door, and you put your two feet squarely on your half of the paper in the room.

A shout will greet you. It is one of the neatest tricks if brightly played.

Telephone Elocution.

A young gentleman, a resident of Oshkosh, who had been paying attention to the art of elocution and a sweet young lady at the same time, decided to recite for her edification the following beautiful lines, and made use of the convenient telephone between his office and her father's residence:

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone,
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is left,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

This was produced in the young lady's ear as below, and she now declines to have anything to do with a man who recites for her in a condition of incoherency:

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone,
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is left,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

William Young, a farmer of Morris, Mo., hearing a tremendous squealing and snoring under his corn-crib, investigated, and found that a swarm of rats had attacked a possum and were actually eating it alive. They had nearly killed it when the farmer discovered them, drove them away, and himself killed the mutilated animal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How Laces May be Cleaned.

"The cheap laces, such as Oriental, Fedora and Egyptian, are often cast aside as useless when once soiled, but they may be washed and done up as good as new if a little care is taken," said a dresser to a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express* recently. "First the laces should be carefully removed from the garment and put into a basin of hot soap suds. Use an ordinary soap. After soaking for an hour or so the laces should be carefully rubbed between the hands, and after washing in several waters it may be boiled if very much soiled. The lace should not be wrung out in the regular way, but the water pressed out with the palms of the hands. If narrow lace for ruching purposes, starch with a little clear starch, allowing one teaspoonful to a pint of water, otherwise take out of clear water. While still damp, pull the lace gently with the fingers into proper shape. Dry in the sunshine, then dampen and iron over several thicknesses of flannel. The iron should be moderately hot. All the points should be nicely pulled into shape with the fingers and then ironed. Embroidered laces should be ironed on the wrong side so that the pattern is not flattened."

Recipes and Hints.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or saleratus water.

When clothes are scorched, remove the stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.

Always hang a broom up when not in use. Put an ordinary, small-sized screw eye in the end of the handle if no better way suggests itself.

Remove the seeds and fill large green peppers with cooked tomato pulp and mixed mushrooms seasoned with butter and salt, and bake in a hot oven. They are very appetizing.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap suds.

For roast turkey make the stuffing of four ounces of finely minced sausage meat, four ounces of slightly dry Vienna bread soaked in milk and pressed dry, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one tablespoonful of minced onions, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste, and two eggs. Mix thoroughly and stuff the turkey with it.

To polish glass and remove slight scratches rub the surface gently, first with a clean pad of fine cotton wool and afterward with a similar pad covered with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from the presence of any scratches.

Hominy muffins are nice for breakfast. Beat a pint of cerealine to a smooth paste, adding one-half pint of flour with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix them with two cups of warm milk, two ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter; mix quickly with the hominy, adding the two whites of eggs beaten to a froth. Pour the batter into hot muffin rings or pans well buttered and bake in a quick oven.

In buying table linen the finer, smaller the pattern the longer it will last. When table cloths are half worn, or past use as such, the best parts may be cut into table napkins, and, if neatly hemmed, few will notice that they are not of a regular pattern, or these pieces may be used to lay under boiled fish for serving; or they will be found very convenient for wrapping cake before putting away in a tin box, for covering bread and a score of other uses in the kitchen; for it is never well to leave food, after it is cold, uncovered and exposed to air, dust and flies.

If Mrs. B. will try this South German potato soup she will find it excellent; and as it requires so little time in its preparation it will be a valuable addition to her book of recipes. Cook as many potatoes as are needed in salt and water; drain them and mash them fine; thin them with boiling water and pass the mixture through a sieve; boil a leek and add it to the soup, as well as some flour browned slightly in butter, and cook for five or ten minutes. Just before serving add the yolk of an egg and also some extract of beef if desired. Serve with croutons.—*New York Commercial.*

Crepe.

Crepe is made of the finest silk, but the details of its manufacture are a trade secret. The three processes of its construction are kept distinct; the weaver never sees the dyeing, nor the dyer or weaver the crimping. Each is carried on in a different place. Some facts are known. Thus, the dyeing is the last of the three processes and it is dressed with gum. It is therefore of the utmost importance that if crepe gets wet it should not be put near the fire. If wet, it should be wiped at once, or gummy marks will be apparent wherever the rain has fallen. But on no account should it be placed near the fire. The best method of removing mud or stains is to damp the crepe with pure cold water, and dry away from the fire. The manufacturers could renew the condition of shabby crepe, but in an amateur way less costly crepe may successfully undergo home treatment. Crepe is a manufacture in which the English as a nation stand unrivaled, although there are manufacturers of crepe in France, Italy and Germany. The imperial crepe as a material for dressers is used where the ordinary crepe is not required. It is made of wool and is quite durable. It is often used for trimmings, but this is by no means its original purpose.

A Pound of Cotton.

A single pound of cotton, spun without waste into spool thread of No. 50, would make 32,000 feet, or say six miles. So the last year's cotton crop equals a No. 50 thread over 19,033 million miles long (19,033,833,960 miles). With the earth for a spool 25,000 miles around, such a thread would encircle it 763,753 times! It would run 79,509 threads between the earth and the moon, or 207 threads from the earth to the sun, each thread 92,000,000 miles long.

Olive wood is the fashionable wood just now.

Arlington Advocate

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Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
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Marriages and Deaths—free.

Meeting of the Legislature.
On Wednesday, with the usual formalities, but with less of friction than is usual, the Legislature for 1887 was organized and the session put in motion. The Republican members of both Senate and House held caucuses for the nomination of officers, in the former instance the choice coming to Hon. Halsey J. Boardman of Somerville, and Hon. Charles J. Noyes of Boston, bearing off the coveted prize in the latter. In both bodies their election was unanimous, the opposition gracefully falling into line to honor two men so eminently qualified for their respective positions. Capt. Adams was also honored with an unanimous election to the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, he has filled with honor and credit, and the clerks of both branches were similarly complimented. On Thursday, in the midst of the heaviest snow storm of the season, the new State government was inaugurated and the recently promoted Lieut. made his formal address as Governor of the Commonwealth. Hon. George D. Robinson, who at that time retired to private life, wholly of his own choice, steps down, bearing with him the respect of every citizen, having made his high office even more honorable than it was by his bearing and ability as Governor, for of him it has been truthfully said that in the general discharge of his duties and in his fortunate appreciation of the qualifications and attributes which ennoble official life he has well-nigh proved the ideal Chief Magistrate. To intellectual powers of a high order are added candor, manliness and integrity. That indirection and what is called adroitness which are believed by too many to be the highest evidence of statesmanship, find no place in the make-up of Gov. Robinson. Candor and directness are prominent characteristics, but no man can say that Gov. Robinson ever trifled with or made representations to him which he intended as evasion. He has treated all public questions with the courage of conviction and he has trusted in many notable instances to his own intuitions, but the outcome has proved often that he was wiser than those who would have been his counselors.

A curious and rather significant fact in the development of the troubles among the Knights of Labor is that the disturbances date from the day Mr. Powderly and his associates in the management increased their salary by a considerable figure and created a sinecure for Mr. Litchman of Massachusetts. Although no one questions that Mr. Powderly did no more work than his former salary paid for, the spectacle of the officers of a workingman's organization receiving far larger pay than they could possibly earn at their trades was from the first a cause of unpleasant feeling, and has at length been openly alleged as one of the grievances against which the malcontents revolt. All of those whom Mr. Powderly has with him are included in the ungracious criticisms of the dissatisfied, who now threaten an appeal to the court of Pennsylvania to set aside the action by which the now high-salaried regime was established.

The Quincy (Mass.) Patriot celebrated a golden anniversary with the beginning of this new year, this paper having been established Jan. 7, 1837. It was a five column quarto, and judging from the fac-simile copy before us, was planned to be a success from the outset. Another remarkable thing about this paper, aside from its advanced age, is the fact that the family of the original senior proprietor still retain their interest in it. It was a good paper from the start and has always maintained a high standard.

Monday was inauguration day in the large cities of the State, and with the single exception of Lowell the municipal machinery was easily set in motion. In the latter city there are complications and signs of "combinations" which are a misfortune to any city. The inaugural addresses of the several Mayors indicated that generally the affairs of our larger communities are in good condition.

The time for subscription renewal has arrived.

A GHAUSTLY CRIME.
A Somerville Milkman Murdered and his Remains and Clothing scattered about the Roads and Fields of Lexington. His Murderers discovered. He makes a detailed confession.
A crime, which in ghastliness and shocking brutality has rarely been excelled, was brought to light in Lexington this week, the first intimation of it being the finding of a heap of cut, torn and bloody clothing discovered near the side of the road which leads from Lexington to Waltham, in the vicinity of Grape Vine corner, by two children of Mr. Dane, last Tuesday afternoon. As they ran towards home, frightened by what they had seen, they met Mr. A. B. Smith, who at once notified Mr. Webster Smith, chairman of the Selectmen, and these gentlemen took the clothing to the lock-up in Town hall, where the same was inspected by competent experts and police officer Mahoney. It was apparent that a murder had been committed, and the state police were at once notified. The clothing found consisted of a flannel undershirt, a linen shirt, a vest, two cardigan jackets, a reefer, three pairs of overalls, one pair of pantaloons, a pair of leggings, a pair of stockings and a Scotch cap. Every article, except two pairs of the overalls and the leggings, was more or less covered with the stains of blood, and on the upper garments there was clots of congealed blood as large as one's two hands. But the most unusual article found was a pair of gloves, the inside neatly covered with bed ticking, lately sewed on, and these proved an important clue in solving the mystery which at first surrounded the case.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning, a marketman from Lincoln, named Brooks, driving along the Concord road towards Boston, had his attention attracted by something like blood along side of the road, and making an investigation discovered a human head and left arm, the former mutilated beyond recognition, almost, and both evidently chopped from the body to which they belonged with an axe. The authorities were at once notified and these portions were taken to the police station. Some time later, as Fred Saville and William Bucher were driving along in Mr. L. A. Saville's grocery team they discovered the trunk of a man with one leg and one arm missing, about two miles from where the head and arm had been seen, and when these had been gathered up they were found to be parts of the same body, but one leg was still missing and will not probably now be found until the snow is gone.

By this time the state police and Boston detectives were on hand to follow up any obtainable clues and it will not be considered strange that intense excitement prevailed all through the town as the news of the murder spread and it became known that the larger portion of the body had been found. But who was the murdered man? No one in Lexington was known to be missing, and there was nothing to show from which direction the murderers had entered Lexington to accomplish their task of scattering the dismembered body and bloody clothing, in hope of hiding their crime.

By noon, on Wednesday, detectives were on a hot scent, and the no less active newspaper reporter was following up suggestions and hints, so that early in the afternoon the body of the murdered man had been identified, the motive for the crime shown and the probably guilty parties arrested.

Among those who read of the ghastly find at Lexington was Mr. L. A. Pillsbury, of 16 Mills Street, Somerville, and it was at once suggested to him that the body might be that of a young man named George A. Codman, a milkman who carried on business in that city and boarded with him, who had been missing since Monday night. He at once imparted his suspicions to the police, and Mr. Codman's brother and other friends were secured to visit Lexington, where their worst fears were realized by the dead body being fully identified. At the same time the glove clue had been followed and the person found who sewed the ticking on them. She proved to be a young lady who had formerly been a domestic where Mr. Codman boarded and for whom the dead man had a strong friendship. The next question was, who were the murderers? It was soon known that a young man named Edward Nowlin, of a somewhat disreputable character, had been in Mr. Codman's employ, and he was first sought out. He told a very plausible story about Mr. C. going away for a few days and leaving him in charge, but as this proved to be not true he was soon afterwards arrested, and still later in the day two familiar acquaintances of Nowlin were arrested and locked up by the Somerville police. It seems that about noon, on Tuesday, Nowlin came to Codman's boarding house with a message that Mr. Codman was going away and had sent him to the house for his overcoat and cash box, and as he was known to be in Mr. C.'s employ Nowlin was allowed to go to his room,

and soon after was seen to go away with the coat and box; but the box contained also a large sum of money in bills which Nowlin had hastily taken from a pocket-book, the same being left open on the floor. Wednesday night the box taken away, and which contained about \$300, was brought to the station, revealing the motive for the crime.

The actual manner or details of the crime cannot be positively known, but there is every reason for presuming that Codman left his boarding place as usual, at 2 o'clock, a. m., Tuesday, to go to the stable and prepare his team for his morning delivery, which he always attended to himself. He had no sooner entered the stable than he was confronted by his murderers, given a blow on the head with an axe which rendered him insensible if it did not kill him outright, and then the perpetrators of the crime proceeded to carry out a prearranged plan of dismembering the body preparatory to concealment. A butcher knife and axe were used for this, and these bloody implements, as well as other tearfully convincing proofs that the deed was committed in the barn have been found, as well as the bloody pung and canvas cover in which the body was kept until about noon on Tuesday, when the fearful drive through Arlington and Lexington above described was taken. Though the stable floor and bloody tools had been washed, there was no real effacement of the tell-tale signs, and "the blood cries against them from the ground."

It will be remembered that in the catalogue of bloody clothing found mention is made of three pairs of overalls. Here is also a probable means of identification of the murderers, if it be needed, as only one pair is cut and torn to correspond with the other clothing, the others only marked with bloody hands and blood spots. They are also such as are used by milkmen and bear unmitable signs of having been worn by men in that business.

All who knew George A. Codman, the victim of the affair, speak in the highest terms of him. He was of a genial and sunny disposition, free and open-hearted, and was not addicted to drinking or the use of tobacco. He was simply a hard working, industrious young man, trying to make his way in the world, and as he expressed it at one time, "to pay up for my milk route." He purchased the route from John M. Spear of the Charlestown district last May. The route extends through Somerville, Charlestown, and out to the Highlands as far as Mt. Pleasant. He was doing very well, and was liked by his customers. He was 22 years of age, and was born in Washington, N. H. His mother died when he was very young, but he has a father and grandmother living there now. He also has two brothers, one of whom, John, works for John M. Spear. George, before coming to Charlestown, worked on the farm of Mr. Barrett in Wilton, and he was three years with Mr. Spear, finally purchasing a route from him and locating in Somerville.

Since the above was in type information, which appears reliable, comes to us that Nowlin has made a confession which corroborates those he implicated when first arrested claiming that the killing and the scattering of the body were his own unaided act. The evidence against him is of the most convincing character, and the whole affair indicates a brutality and deep seated wickedness hard to conceive of in one so young, he being less than 18 years of age. The details of the murder, the disposal of the body and the obtaining of the money seem to have all been thought out before the blow was struck. At the last his nerve failed him somewhat, for the task was more exacting than he had thought. But who could have imagined one young man could have thus disposed of a body and a heap of clothing in three travelled highways and no one see him who had suspicion that all was not right?

City Clerk Jacobs, of Cambridge, died very suddenly last Monday and it was announced as a case of paralysis, but later developments point to suicide, as he was short on the dog tax account about \$2600 and this fact would have been brought to light when the time for choosing a clerk came. The deficiency had been known for some time and Mr. Jacobs was given time to make up the amount, but failed to do so. He has served the city for almost twenty years, having been first chosen in 1857.

Maj. John A. Commings, formerly ex-Mayor of Somerville and frequently honored by his fellow citizens with positions of responsibility and high trust, died at his home in that city last evening, after a painful illness of some months. In business circles he was universally respected, in social life he was loved, and in his home he was the best of all.

The closing act of Gov. Robinson's career as Governor was of vast importance, the sale of the State's interest in the world famous "Hoosac Tunnel" to the Fitchburg railroad on terms which are universally conceded to be advantageous to the general public.

The sun shone brightly through most of the day, last Tuesday, and still there were light falls of snow during most of the hours. It was a quite unusual sight.

Boston Post.
The Boston Post, which has passed into new ownership, has been changed into an eight-page quarto form and the establishment thoroughly equipped with new presses, new type and the latest improved outfit. Its editorial conduct is in the hands of Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, widely known for journalistic ability. Its editorial and news staff has been reorganized and strengthened by some of the best material in the profession. The paper will aim to be the best newspaper in New England, with prompt and fearless comment upon matters political, literary, commercial, financial and social, and to present in the most compact and best edited form the news of the day received by cable and telegraph, and gathered by its capable correspondents and reporters. Its departments, already noted for their completeness, will be yet largely extended and strengthened. Its dramatic, musical, book and general literary criticisms are from the pens of writers known and recognized as of mature judgment and brilliant style. Its column of "Here in Boston," from the versatile pen of "Taverner," which has provoked much inquiry and speculation in the social and club circles of Boston, as well as in the columns of the press, will be continued, with its wealth of reminiscences, its mellow and keen comment upon Boston life and manners of to-day, traditions and tendencies. Its marine reports, comprising the most comprehensive and compact summary of the movements of shipping published, are rendered exceptionally valuable by the new feature which the Post has introduced into Boston daily journalism, consisting of a semi-weekly list of vessels in port. Its financial reports are trustworthy and informing. All regular news relating to moneyed and corporate interests may be found regularly in the columns of the Boston Post.

As a thorough newspaper, prompt, trustworthy and clean, as a commercial review for the counting-room, as a literary budget for the library, as a political record for the citizen, the Post for 1887 will be without an equal. As a medium for advertising, and an avenue for reaching the most important and largest sections of our community, the Post offers advantages of great value. A rapid growth in circulation has followed its improvement in form. Daily \$5.00 a year. Weekly \$1.50 a year. Address all communications relating to subscriptions or business to the Post Publishing Co., 15 Milk street, Boston.

From the Boston Journal's sketch of members of the Legislature, we clip the following in regard to the gentlemen in whom this section has a special interest:—

First Senatorial Dist. Hon. Edw. Glines of Somerville, Republican, is a coffee and spice merchant, and was born in the city in which he resides Aug. 31, 1819, graduating from the High school of his native place. In 1879 he was a member of the Somerville Common Council, and was President of that body during the following year. He sat in the House in 1882 and 1883, serving on the Committees on Street Railways and Railroads.

Second Senatorial District. Hon. J. Varnum Fletcher, Republican, of Belmont, is a wholesale and retail dealer in provisions, and is one of the original occupants of Faneuil Hall Market. He was born Feb. 28, 1812, at Waterford, Mass., and attended school in that town and in Groton. He has been a member of both branches of the old City Government of Charlestown and was for several years a Selectman of Belmont. In the House, in 1885, he was assigned to the Committee on Taxation and Banks and Banking, and last year to the same committee and to the Committee on Public Charitable Institutions.

Fifteenth Representative. Warren A. Peirce, Republican, coal and wood dealer of Arlington, is a native of that town, was born June 5, 1849, and educated in its public schools. He is President of the Water Board and one of the House last year, he served on the Committee on Water Supply.

Nineteenth Representative. Henry Joseph Hosmer, Republican, of Concord, is Treasurer of the American Powder Company. He was born in Northfield, Mass., Feb. 2, 1832, and educated at Concord, of which town he is one of the Selectmen. In the House in 1884 he served on the Committee on Mercantile Affairs, and last year was a member of the Committee on Finance.

Adjt.-Gen. Sam'l Dalton, in his report to Gov. Robinson, notes with satisfaction that the militia has had a most prosperous year. He finds that the officers and men are in earnest in performing their duties, and that the disposition of legislative bodies to aid and support the force has been attended with excellent results. He places the aggregate strength of the militia at 330 officers and 4,040 enlisted men. Gen. Dalton suggests that one of the vacant forts in Boston harbor be procured for artillery drill and as a school of instruction for officers. He desires to replace the dress coats of the State, and estimates the cost of so doing \$51,000. He also recommended the leasing of revolvers to officers of the militia and to the members of the cavalry and artillery companies. He would have them instructed in revolver practice, the same as the men are now in rifle practice. The idea is a most excellent one. At present the officers are practically unarmed, for their dress swords are mere wands of office, and of no value for offensive or defensive service. Perhaps it might be made useful under a rigid system of sword drill, but a revolver is worth a dozen swords, and the efficiency of the militia would be wonderfully increased by the adoption of the recommendation of the very practical and thoroughly soldierly Adjt. Gen.

Stephen Dow, of Woburn, at one time a leading leather manufacturer of that town and a few years ago president of the defunct Mystic Valley Railroad, dropped dead in Boston, last Monday. The leather business in Woburn is still carried on in his name, but his two surviving sons have long had entire control of it.

The colored plate in the New Year's number of the Art Amateur, "Marguerites," is a charming rendering by Edith Scannell, of the always popular theme, a lovely child with daisies. The number also gives a beautiful decorative head, by Ellen Welby; a pleasing design of children dancing, for a piano front; one of holly for wood carving, two for chaise ornamentation, six for doilies, and two for china painting (black alder berries and leaves for a jar and chrysanthemums for a panel), besides a large decorative study of ivy, and a page of monograms. The suggestive articles on the simple decoration of unadorned city apartments are continued, and the needlework department is richly filled, church vestments receiving particular attention. It is quite evident from this January number that the Art Amateur for 1887 will be more than ever indispensable to all practical art lovers and art students. Price 35 cents. \$4 a year. Montague Parks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

John Roach, the ship builder, who has been confined to his home for some weeks, is fatally ill. His disease is epithelioma, and its development has been very similar to the case of Gen. Grant, the location, however, being the roof of the mouth instead of the throat. All efforts to arrest its progress have failed, and only his powerful constitution has sustained Mr. Roach so long. He has never seen a well day since the entire nervous prostration consequent upon his assignment, eighteen months ago. Mr. Roach is now failing gradually, his agony being only relieved by analgines.

Belmont Happenings.
J. W. Dean succeeds Mr. Otis as station agent on the Central Massachusetts road.

Miss Mattie Richardson, while crossing the track to go to the depot to take a train for Boston, caught her foot in a frog, throwing her across the track. Her cries for help attracted the attention of several persons who happened to be near at hand, and fortunately so, as the express was rapidly approaching and was stopped only a dozen feet from her. It was necessary to use railroad picks to extricate her foot.

Salvation Oil delights everybody. It can be had of all druggists and dealers in medicines. It eradicates pain by quickly removing the cause. It is a specific for neuralgia, rheumatism, pain in the side, back and limbs. Price 25 cents.

Drunkennes or Liquor Habit can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunks have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day they believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chipman's Pills are the best purgative, the best blood purifier, removing the waste, increasing the appetite, making you feel new. A positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia. Try them. Sold by all druggists.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Dec. 29, by Rev. F. A. Gray, John P. Soule, of Boston, and Mary A. Read, of Arlington.

Special Notices.

Special Notice.

The Lexington Water Company desires to express their appreciation of the skill and good judgment displayed by the fire department on the occasion of the recent fire, and to compliment engineers and firemen on the success they had in saving valuable property.

Massachusetts House, LEXINGTON, Makes a specialty during the season of entertaining social gatherings and SLEIGHING PARTIES. The proprietor, Loring W. Muzzey, runs the house in an exceptional for regular boarders. Jan'y

Expressing & Jobbing.

Prompt and Personal attention given to all work entrusted to my care. Order Boxes at Boston Branch Store, Depot and C. A. Butters' grocery. Jan'y F. G. FLETCHER.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER. SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

To Let. The lower flat or tenement located in the furthest end of the new tenement houses on the left side of Swan's Place. Apply to HARRISON SWAN, No. 1 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, Mass.

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A wonderful book by the great Detective, Chief of U. S. Secret Service, ALLAN PINKERTON.
The "Spy" reveals many secrets of the War never before told. A graphic account of the first plot to assassinate Lincoln. How he was conducted safely to Washington. Early battles of the War. The Secret Service. A Female Spy—A Trusted Agent. The "S.P.Y." in Richmond. The Loyal League. McCallan and his Enemies. The "S.P.Y." journeys through the South. A full account of General Pope's Battle of Antietam. McCallan's farewell address, etc., etc., together with many thrilling narratives, before not made public.
The "Spy" is the most thrilling War Book ever published. Endorsed by the Press and hundreds of Agents. A large, handsome book, of 68 pages, Profusely Illustrated.
AGENTS WANTED!
In every town there are numbers of people who will be glad to read and sell to their friends. Agents, Farmers and everybody interested in the History of our Country. The very best can pick out fifty or more in a town to whom he can sell a score of copies.
We want one Agent in every township or county. Any person, with this book, can become a successful agent. We give full instructions to new agents, and we will send them particulars and terms to agents, address:
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THE JUDGE'S CASH PUZZLE
In Behalf of the Grant Monument Fund.
Use your Brains and Make Money.
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, EVERYBODY.

The Judge proposes to assist the Grant Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition on word-building (making the largest number of words from a given sentence by transposing and using letters to suit the purpose), in using for the theme the sentence, "Who will be our next President?" and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay fifty cents on presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:
Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grant Fund.
The remaining twenty-five cents after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising names with the respective answers, etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors, i. e., the six persons sending in the largest lists of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"
The magnitude of the prize will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until February 15, 1887, 12 o'clock.
This is not a new thing in England and large sums of money have been raised for charity by this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental activity.
The names of competitors will be published from week to week in Judge as they may come in. This will not only serve as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Governing rules in this week's Judge. Address all communications to THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Potter Building, New York City.

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We refer here to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order and Dir. and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to:
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of JAMES EDWARD FOSTER, late of Lexington, in said county, deceased, GREETING:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary E. A. Foster, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named; and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute.
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the Second Tuesday of January next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minute-man, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.
J. H. TYLER, Registrar.

CHARLES GOTT, Carriage Manufacturer and—BLACKSMITH, Arlington ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington

HORSESHOEING.

Has, already finished and in course of building, HEAVY MARKET & MANURE WAGONS, SLEIGHS, FUNGS, Etc.

IMPERIAL EGG FOOD Will Largely INCREASE Egg Production! Strengthen Weak and drooping Fowls, promote the Healthy Growth and Development of all varieties of poultry. Contains the best Food and Smooth Plumage, helping them through moulting wonderfully. It furnishes bone and muscle for young chicks, thus saving the expense incident to Poultry. It is no fiction, you simply give them the chemicals to make eggs, at a cost of less than one cent a week for each fowl; thousands of testimonials. If your local trader grocer, send for sample to F. C. STURTEVANT, Hartford, Conn. 1509 Adams

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Arlington Public Library.

Books added December, 1886.

Alaska, Our new. Charles Hallock. 1310.3
Bowles, Samuel, Life and times of. 2 vols. G. S. Merriam. 1310.6
Boy travellers in the Russian empire. T. W. Knox. 1313.12
Browning, Robert, Select poems of. Ed., with notes, by W. J. Rolfe and Heloise E. Hersey. 1214.72
Bubbling teapot, The. Mrs. L. W. Champney. 1304.33
Carlyle, Thomas, Early letters of. Ed. by C. E. Norton. 1315.20
Casting away of Mrs. Locks and Mrs. Aleshine. F. R. Stockton. 1304.9
Channing, W. H., Memoir of. O. B. Frothingham. 1315.1
Chaucer for schools. Mrs. H. R. Haweis. 1310.2
Childhood, boyhood, youth. Count L. N. Tolstoi. 1315.5
Children of the cold. (Eskimo.) Frederick Schwacka. 1304.36
Chivalric days, and the boys and girls who helped to make them. E. S. Brooks. 1313.13
Christian symbols and stories of the saints as illustrated in art. Handbook of. Mrs. C. E. Waters (formerly Clara E. Clement). 1310.4
Christmas breeze, and other stories. Miss R. S. Clarke (Sophie May). 1304.29
Conjuror Dick, or the adventures of a young wizard. A. J. Lewis (Professor Hoffmann). 1304.24
Cookery, Practical American, and household management. Juliet Corson. 1315.18
Correspondent, The. (Manual for letter-writing.) J. W. Davidson. 1315.17
Cranford. Elizabeth C. Gaskell. 1304.44
Crime and punishment. (Russian novel.) F. M. Dostoyevsky. 1304.27
Cruise of the Mystery, and other poems. Celia Thaxter. 1214.70
Democracy, and other addresses. J. R. Lowell. 1315.9
Doctor Cupid, Rhoda Broughton. 1304.15
English worthies. Ed. by Andrew Lang. 1315.10
Admiral Robert Blake. David Hannay. 1315.10
Ben Jonson. J. A. Symonds. 1315.11
Raleigh. Edmund Gosse. 1315.12
Richard Steele. Austin Dobson. 1315.13
Foes of her household. Amanda M. Douglas. 1304.28
Great masters of Russian literature in the nineteenth century. Ernest Dupuy. 1315.7
Great River series. E. S. Ellis. 1304.37
I. Down the Mississippi. 1304.38
II. Up the Tappas. 1304.39
III. Lost in the wilds. 1304.39
Hamilton, Arthur, Memoirs of. Christopher Carr. 1315.19
Hester, and other New England stories. H. W. Lothrop. 1304.8
His one fault. J. T. Trowbridge. 1304.34
Historical study, Methods of. E. A. Freeman. 1310.1
Home life of great authors. Hattie T. Griswold. 1309.41
Homespun yarns. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. 1304.25
House at High Bridge. Edgar Fawcett. 1304.6
In the clouds. Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock). 1304.14
In the time of roses. Told and illustrated by Florence and Edith Scannell. 1304.18
Index to the Century Magazine. Vols XXI-XXX. Reference. 1304.10
Ireland, Young people's history of. G. M. Towle. 1315.16
Ivory king, The. A popular history of the elephant and its allies. C. F. Holder. 1315.3
John Jerome: his thoughts and ways. Jenn. Ingelow. 1304.10
Kary of Catoctin. G. A. Townsend. 1304.1
Labor movement in America. R. T. Ely. 1307.58
Labor question. A plain man's talk on. Simon Newcomb. 1315.14
Land of fire. Mayne Reid. 1304.22
Little Lord Fauntleroy. Frances H. Burnett. 1313.14
Little Miss Weezy. Penn Shirley. 1304.43
Log cabin series. E. S. Ellis. 1304.40
I. The lost trail. 1304.41
II. Camp-fire and wigwam. 1304.41
III. Footprints in the forest. 1304.42
(Concluded next week.)

The Republican members of the in coming Legislature will be confronted by some grave and awkward questions, brought into the last canvass by their party managers, chief among them that of submitting to the vote of the people an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, in favor of which their party State convention was made to declare. The Republicans control the State Senate by the requisite majority, and they have within one or two of the necessary two-thirds in the House for the passage of a favorable vote on this amendments. They can doubtless get more than two votes of the necessary two-thirds in the House for the passage of a favorable vote on this amendment. They can doubtless get more than two votes in the House from members classed as Democrats. The decision, then, whether the amendment shall pass or not, will depend directly upon the Republican members. It will not do that 130 or 140 out of 150 Republican members shall vote for it. Repeatedly the Republicans have tickled the ears of prohibitionists with the promise of the sumptuary laws they yearn for; but Republican members have taken care that none of these propositions should have votes enough to enact them into law. It is a comedy frequently acted, and successfully, and it is likely to be repeated this winter. But the piece has nearly had its run, and the indications are that the long admiring auditors are getting ready to hiss its repetition.—Boston Post.

The fellow who, by mistake, sent his suburban-haired sweetheart instead of a bottle of Dr. Bull's cough syrup a bottle of hair-dye, wants to know the best way to commit suicide.

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you, free of charge, a valuable, small box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Enclose money here for those who start at once. 44cents
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is now opening some choice new lots of
Ladies' Fine Boots,
In Kid, Dongola and Straight Goat.

MISSES and CHILDREN'S

Kid, Goat, both Heel and Spring Heel.

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IN GREAT VARIETY.

Also Several New Lines of
MEN'S and BOY'S FANCY SLIPPERS
FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GIFTS.

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES,

both hand and machine sewed, varying in prices from \$1.50 to 6.00.

Boys and Youths'

Boots at all prices. We have the finest Men's Kip Boots ever shown in Arlington. Call and see them.
Rubber Boots and Shoes in Every Style and Variety Known.
IN THE

Clothing Department

We have a variety of the latest styles and patterns in the market, of Men's, Boys and Children's Suits. Also lot of odd pants and vests which we offer at prices from 1.00 to 5.00. Call and examine our Children's Knee and Ready Suits, sold in Boston for \$5.00, which we sell for \$4.50. Boys' short pants at 50 cents and upwards.

Large and Full Stock

Of Hats, Caps, Gloves, Umbrellas, Trunks and Valises, etc., all of which we offer at the lowest possible prices at the Old Stand in Bank Building, Arlington.

Agent for the

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Which we claim to be the best work in this vicinity.

Give Us a Call.
L. C. TYLER.

Yards at Arlington, Arlington Heights and Lexington.

Warren A. Peirce,

DEALER IN

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Wood, Hay, Straw, Grain,

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Orders by Mail or Telephone will receive prompt attention.

Best Qualities of Coal Furnished at Lowest Prices.

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ISSUED AT ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

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CASSIUS M. HALL,

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GROCERIES,

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Prof. cotus for 1887.

This illustrated monthly contains thirty two to forty pages each, number of enjoyable and helpful literature and pictures, equally suited to Sundays and week days. The editor, "Pansy," will furnish a new serial to run through the year entitled MONTAGLE. The Golden Text Stories will be continued. Margaret Sidney will contribute a serial. There will be more "Great Men" and more "Remarkable Women." Fay Huntington will write of flowers and plants. Rev. C. M. Livingston will furnish stories of Great Events, People, Discoveries, Inventions, etc. A novel feature will be a story by eleven different authors. R. M. Alden will direct a new department of Church, Sabbath School and Missionary News. The present departments will continue and new ones be opened.

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Examine your Range twice a year, top once a week and you have the finest polished steel in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Store Dealers. 10c each 3mo

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To sift, to classify and put before the readers in most intelligible form the news of the week is the continued purpose of The Weekly Journal, and in fulfilling this mission, so desirable in these days of fragmentary and misleading dispatches, the aim shall be to place the topics in the due perspective of importance from the standpoint of a New England reader.

The thirty-six ample columns will retain as heretofore the gleanings and gossip of distinctive interest to our population; notes on the industrial avocations, agricultural, maritime, manufacturing and transportation; special reports on markets, trade and labor, as well as financial matters; rambling talks and essays on home topics; correspondence from various parts of the world by our own correspondents; congressional news, political jottings; editorials on topics of living interest; poems, miscellaneous, and

THE CITY ON THE HILL.

The city built upon the hill,
A death, a life for every stone,
It is the graveyard white and still,
So many there, and yet how low!
'Tis there the morn's first beam of light
Falls fondly on the marble white,
And glow with promises of good;
'Tis there the last of daylight lingers,
And softly writes with golden fingers
Sweet memories, heart-understood.

And we, who work, and hope and will,
In busy city streets below,
Forget the city on the hill
Toward which our footsteps surely go,
Save when, at times, its paths are pressed
To bear a brother to his rest,
Away from all the world's annoy;
Then promises of dawn are seen,
The sunset memories are green,
And through our griefs we see our joys.

—George Birdseye, in *Detroit Free Press*.

A MEXICAN PLAGIO.

BY LOUISE P. HEAVEN.

June had come again; the rainy season would soon begin again, and Don Gregorio, upon a sudden, thought that the change would benefit his wife, and suggested that they should pass some months in the city. The roads were threatened by *latrones*, yet Isabel was glad to go, and even to incur the novelty of danger. Her traveling carriage was luxurious, and with her little girls immediately under her own eye, with an occasional glimpse of the four-year-old Norberto riding proudly at his father's side in the midst of the numerous escort of picked men, she felt an exhilaration both of body and mind to which she had long been a stranger.

The traveling was necessarily slow, for the roads were excessively rough, and the party had at sunset scarcely left the limits of the hacienda, and entered the defile which led to the deeper canons of the mountains, where upon the following day they anticipated the necessity of exercising a double vigilance. Not a creature had been seen for hours; the mountains with their straggling clumps of cacti, and blackened, stunted palms seemed absolutely bereft of animal life, except when occasionally a lizard glided swiftly over a rock, or a snake rustled through the dry and crackling herbage. Caution seemed absurd in such a place so near home, yet the party drew nearer together, and the men looked to their arms as the cliffs became closer on either side and so precipitous that it seemed as if a goat could scarcely have scaled them.

They had passed nearly the entire length of the canon, and the nervous tension that had held the whole party silent and upon the alert, was gradually yielding to the glimpse of more open country which lay beyond, and on which they had planned to camp for the night, when suddenly the whole country seemed alive with men. They blocked the way, backward and forward; they hung from the cliffs; they bounded from rock to rock, on foot and on horse; the horses as agile as the men. In all the turmoil Dona Isabel caught sight of but a single face. She started and screamed; there was a cry of "¡Planillos! Planillos!" amid the confusion of angry voices, of curses, and the clanking of sabres and echo of pistol shots. Don Gregorio found himself driven against the rocks, a sword point at his throat, a pistol pressed to his temple, his own smoking weapon in his hand.

Suddenly the shouts ceased, and before the smoke which had filled the gorge had cleared, the travelers found themselves alone, with two or three dead men obstructing the road. Don Gregorio had barely time to notice them, or the blank faces of his men staring bewildered at each other, when a cry from Dona Isabel recalled him to his senses, and he saw her rushing wildly from group to group. In an instant he was at her side. "Norberto! where is Norberto?" both demanded wildly, and some of the men who had caught the name began to force their horses up the almost inaccessible cliffs, and to gallop up or down the canon in a confused pursuit of the vanished enemy.

In all the country round the abduction of Norberto Garcia was called *el plagio de los encantadores*—so sudden had been the attack, so complete the disappearance. Beyond the immediate scene, no trace remained of the act; it seemed that the very earth must have opened to swallow the perpetrators; and yet day by day proofs of their existence were found in letters left upon the very saddle crossed by the father, or upon the pillow wet with the tears of the mother, demanding ransom which each day became more exorbitant, accompanied by threats more ingenious and horrible.

Such plagios, though rare, were by no means unprecedented, and such threats had been proved to be only too likely to be fulfilled. At days went by the agony of the parents became unbearable, and Don Gregorio's early resolution to spend a fortune in the pursuit and punishment of the robbers, rather than yield to their demands, and thus lend encouragement to similar outrages, yielded to the imminent danger to the life of his son, and to Dona Isabel it seemed a cruel mockery that her brother and the young Garcia should urge him to further exertions and postponement of the inevitable moment when he must accede to the imperious demands of the outlaws.

They were one evening discussing again the momentous and constantly agitated question, when the wife of the administrator appeared among them with starting eyes and pallid cheeks, bidding Don Gregorio go to his wife, from whose nerveless hand she had wrested a paper, which Leon Valle seized and opened as she held it toward him. Don Gregorio turned back at his brother-in-law's exclamation, and beheld upon his outstretched hand a lock of soft hair, evidently that of a child. It had been severed from the head by a bloody knife. It was a mute threat, but they understood it too well. Every man there sprang to his feet with a groan or an oath. Such a threat they remembered had been sent to the parents the very day before the infant Ranulfo Ortega had been found dead not a hundred yards from his father's door. Did this mean, also, that the last demand for ransom had been made, and the patience of his abductors was exhausted?

At daybreak, Don Gregorio mounted his horse, having refused the offer of Leon Valle to take his place, and set

out on his mission. He knew well the place appointed, for he had been in his youth an adventurous mountaineer, a d more than once had penetrated the deep gorge into which late in the afternoon, he descended, bearing with him the gold. As he entered the "Zahuan del Infierno" he shuddered. Not ten days before he had passed through it, followed by a dozen trusty followers, in search of his child, and had discovered no trace of him; now he was alone, weighted with treasure—a rich prize for the outlaws he had gone to meet. Once he fancied he heard a step behind him; doubtless he was shadowed by those who would take his life without a moment's hesitation; yet he pressed on, obliged to leave his horse and proceed on foot, for at times the cliffs were so close together that a man could barely force his way between them.

Just as the last rays of daylight pierced the gloomy abyss, at a sudden turn in the narrowest part of the gorge he saw standing two armed men, placed in such a position that the head of one overtopped that of the other, while the features of both were shadowed, though made more forbidding by heavy black beards, which it occurred to Don Gregorio later were probably false and worn for the purpose of disguise. At the feet of the foremost was placed a child, and though he restrained the cry that rose to his lips, the tortured father recognized in him his son—but so emaciated, so deathly pale, with such wild, startled eyes, gazing like a hunted creature before him, yet seeing nothing that he could scarcely credit it was the same beautiful, sensitive, highly strung Norberto who had been wrested from him but a short month before.

The foremost man did not speak; it was the other, who in a soft voice, as evenly modulated as if in words of pure courtesy, bade him welcome, and thanked him for his prompt appearance. "Let us dispense with compliments," said Don Gregorio huskily. "Here is the money you have demanded for my child. I know something of the honor of bandits, and as you can gain nothing by falsifying your word, I have chosen to trust in it. Here am I, alone with the gold," and he poured it out on the rock at the child's feet. "Count it if you will," and he put out his hand and laid it upon the child's shoulder. As he did so, his hand touched the brigand's and both started, glaring like two tigers before they spring; but at the moment Norberto bounded over the scattered heap of coin and into his father's arms.

As he felt that slight form within his grasp, the father reeled, and his sight failed him; a voice presently recalled him to his senses, and glancing up he saw the two men still standing motionless with their pistols leveled upon him and the child.

"The senior will find it best to withdraw backward," said the bandit; "there is not space here for me to have the honor of passing and leading the way, and it is even too narrow for your grace to turn. You will find your horse at the entrance of the gorge; it has been well cared for. Adios, senior, and may every felicity attend this fortunate termination of our negotiations."

"I doubt not there will," cried Don Gregorio, though in a voice of perfect politeness, "for I swear to you I will unlearn the villains who have tortured and robbed me, and give myself a moment of exquisite joy with every drop of life blood I slowly wring from them. You have my gold, and I have my child, and now, vengeance."

Gregorio knew so well the spirit of his race that perhaps he was assured that no immediate risk would follow the proclamation. The word "vengeance" rang from cliff to cliff, yet the bandits only smiled and bowed, waving a hand in token of farewell, as, with wistful haste he might, he withdrew. A turn in the gorge soon hid them from his sight, and staggering through the darkness, he hastened on with his precious burden, feeling that Norberto had fainted in his arms.

It was near midnight when he reached the hacienda, and needless is it to attempt to describe the joy of the mother, though the child after one faint cry of recognition, laid his head upon her breast with a long, shuddering sigh, which warned her that his strength and courage had been so overtaxed that they were, perhaps, destroyed forever. —*Ocean Land Monthly*.

Saved by His Moustache.

A gentleman who was once an Indian trader tells how the Sioux Indians have a remarkable penchant for strychnine in disposing of enemies in their own tribe, and how his own life was once saved by his heavy moustache acting as a strainer. While he was transacting business in a rear room of his store with the celebrated chief Standing Buffalo, another Indian entered and threw a lot of strychnine into the water bucket; but whether his object was to kill the chief or trader has never been ascertained.

Upon returning to the main store the trader took a drink from the bucket, and discovering the undissolved crystals in his moustache, he became suspicious and fed one of them to his cat, which died in a few moments. The nature of the poison being established, Standing Buffalo ordered the suspected Indian disgraced by breaking his gun, cutting up his tent and destroying all his "household furniture." After his punishment he disappeared from the camp and was never heard of afterward. —*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

Examine Your Chimneys.

Chimneys ought to be examined frequently, to make sure that there are no cracks in them. It is an excellent plan to have the chimney so constructed that it is never concealed by the wall of a room, thus preventing a thorough examination of it. A house settles, and this cracks the chimney, but the crack is hidden. By and by fire makes its way out, and a "mysterious fire" results. All chimneys ought to be well plastered with good mortar outside and in when they are built, and the work of the mason should be inspected thoroughly to make sure he does a good job. The chimney should be cleaned at least twice a year. If this is done it will not be likely to "burn out." If it does get on fire throw a handful of salt into the stove. This will smother the fire almost immediately. Remember this, and it may be of benefit to you. —*American Agriculturist*.

WORK AND WAGES IN CHINA.

LABORERS TO A VAST EXTENT THEIR OWN EMPLOYERS.

Wages Paid Chinese Workmen—Cost of the Necessaries of Life—Holding Land in China.

Mr. Lien, of the Chinese Consulate in New York, said to a *Sun* reporter: "Laborers in China are content because they do not lack employment, get what they earn, and can support themselves in a way that satisfies them upon what they get. The lowest class of labor earns in the cities ten cents a day, and in the agricultural districts—where the work is harder and the hours of labor longer—twenty cents. Those are average figures. Sometimes the very lowest class of laborers earn as much as \$1.50 or \$2 a day, but that is only when they carry people on chairs, up to ancestral shrines or on other business, into the mountains. That is terribly hard work, for the carriers are expected to go rapidly all day long, and they should be well paid for it. Artisans of all classes earn from thirty to forty cents a day. The carver and the house painter have much esteemed occupations that combine the utilitarian and artistic, and are enabled to earn as much as sixty to seventy cents a day. Those earnings seem small to Americans, no doubt, but it must be remembered that a cent in China goes as far as a dime here, and a dime in China buys as much there as a dollar here. In the light of that fact it will be readily understood that the Chinese laborer's toil is well remunerated. If the man who earns thirty or forty cents a day spends fifteen cents for his three meals he will be as comfortably fed as the New Yorker who pays seventy-five cents a meal. He will not have the same things, to be sure, but he will have what he appreciates and wants. Many things that the New Yorker has learned as necessities the Chinaman never heard of, or, if he does know of their existence, has no desire for them. Vegetables are abundant, excellent, and cheap in China. Pork, which is very low in price is the universal meat, although beef is eaten to a considerable extent in Northern China, and a good deal of mutton is consumed. Beef and mutton are not within the ordinary reach of the common laborer, nor is venison, which is raised in preserves and is looked upon as a luxury, but pork is cheap enough for all. Then, beyond eating, the artisan finds an allowance of five cents a day sufficient to cover his rent and clothing. Even if he has a family, his thirty or forty cents a day will enable him to lay by something all the time for old age, a "rainy day," or investment. And as the Chinaman is by nature abstemious and frugal, spending little in amusement and less in dissipation, he saves his money as few other toilers do. The great ambition of his life is to own a bit of real estate, and there are immense numbers of the artisan class who live in their own houses.

Another thing that is of still greater potency in keeping content among the masses of China is that they are to such a vast extent their own employers. They have among them no vast manufacturing concerns, where hundreds, or even thousands of men, employed in similar work, are all but parts of a gigantic machine, and subject to the same conditions of existence, with perhaps an equal hopelessness of ever attaining any other position than that of subordinate dependency. There are very many thousands of men who earn their living by some sort of manual labor in China, who carry on business on their own account, who inherit their little business from a line of ancestors, and whose personalities are representative of generations of contented workers. If individuals have been so fortunate that the demand for their work, by reason of its excellence or cheapness, or for any other reason has come to exceed what they and their children can supply, they employ their relatives. The workmen have no trades' unions, and do not need them. The one solitary feature possessed by some of those organizations, that would be of use, viz., the tenacious character, they already have in great perfection. In every Chinese city, town, and village there are societies to care for members in case of sickness and bury them when they die. Generally these are local, but even if they have some wider sort of organization—as in the case of the Sam-Yic, which is by far the largest and most influential of all—they are free from all questions concerning labor interests, and are not secret. Secret organizations are not deemed respectable in China. There are secret societies, it is true, but what their objects are or how they are carried on I do not know."

"How is land held in China?" "In what would be deemed very small tracts in this country. The unit of measurement of land there is what is termed the mow, which is 600x60 feet. The holder of 4,000 mows is deemed a large landed proprietor. There are a good many who possess that much, but generally the holdings are quite small, often not exceeding in whole districts about the amount that an individual agriculturist would lease from the large owner—say seven or eight mows, or possibly ten. No lands except the portions used for governmental purposes are owned by the government, only made lands along rivers and other bodies of water, and those are sold, either to the proprietors between whose property and the water such land lies—they having the first right to purchase—or to anybody else. A man who owns ten mows of land can live on the income from it, which is at the rate of about eight per cent, on its cost of \$400 or \$500 per mow in the best agricultural districts. Chinamen think a great deal of the ownership of land, and are always struggling to attain it, and when they get a bit, let go of it very reluctantly. There are no speculative operations in land, only solid investments. A great deal of land is held by family associations. Those bearing the same family name in a town or city league themselves together in a beneficiary organization known as an "ancestral temple," and in their corporate capacity, as such, invest their accumulations of capital in the purchase of land which is held in common and the proceeds of which are either devoted to charitable uses or are applied otherwise for the general good of the temple. Those lands may be leased to anybody, but are rarely, if ever, sold. There is in their holding a constant process of accretion, and sometimes they get to own several hundred

acres. But the utilization of the lands is in small subdivisions. In agriculture, as in everything else in China, production is diffused, not centralized as in this country, and is consequently the basis of comfortable support, for the many, not the means of aggrandizement of the few. The portion of land that may be regarded as the basic unit of transactions of exchange in the cities is one-fourth of a mow, but its value—subject to modifications, but not very great ones—is about \$1,000. Rents are low, as the numbers housed on a given space of ground in China are much more than in the United States; our buildings for the masses are not generally costly, and the taxes, though almost wholly laid upon the land, are not high."

A Lapp Wedding.

Down the room was a long table, covered with coarse cloth, perhaps, if for grand folks, but much more likely in its native bareness. Upon the arrival of the wedding party the feast began. Boiled meat was brought in a large dish, or just as likely piled upon the table till it was full. On the top of this came dirty bowls full of grease. Round this savory and appetizing repast gathered the hungry Lapps, ravenous as wolves, and fell upon it with appetites that would astonish any Western dweller in a cultured land. They came to eat! Lumps of meat were seized by nature's forks—fingers as black as coals, innocent of water for unknown periods, clad in ancient grime—plunged into the grease, and then, all luscious and dripping, conveyed to the cavernous mouth of the assembled. After this came the desert—reindeer cheese cut into pieces, dipped into the grease and eaten with a horn spoon or fingers. Huge draughts of corn brandy washed all down. Right diligently was the bottle plied, with ever and anon a quaff from the grease bowls, to keep the brandy from taking too much effect, the grease leaving its traces on the drinkers' faces, till at last they shone in their fatty coating. Now began the "real wedding" — guests singing and shouting with all the vigor of powerful and healthy lungs. Songs were improvised, generally senseless, because the improviser was so. Soon some of the guests fell asleep on the table, and were shovelled onto the seats—or under them—against the walls by such of their comrades as were able to take part in the next proceedings, i. e., dancing, if such it could be called. A fresh rose a tempest of shouting and jumping—a wild scene, we are told, our ears cannot conceive. Fiddlers scraped and scraped, and were encouraged to scrape yet louder, while some Lapp, more musical than the others, beat time with a pole hook on the kettle bottom. Soon the floor was dotted with the forms of those who were too drunk to jump any more, and they lay snoring, while their comrades hopped and roared over them till they, too, fell amid the slain. The general ending was that the whole party slept together on the floor. —*Notes and Queries*.

A Battle in Africa.

Two white men in the heart of Africa, who with their little force of native soldiers manned the advanced post of civilization on the Congo, have been driven out of Stanley Falls station by slave-dealing Arabs. The white men fought three days for the blue and gold flag of the Congo State, killed sixty of the enemy, with a loss of only two of their own men, and when their ammunition gave out and their natives deserted they burned their buildings, destroyed their guns, and retreated down the river with only four attendants.

This stubborn defence was characteristic of Mr. Deane, the chief of the Stanley Falls station. Deane has the reputation on the Congo of being absolutely without fear. He is a relative of Sir Francis de Winton, who succeeded Mr. Stanley as administrator of the Congo. One night last spring, when Deane was on his way to Stanley Falls, he camped on the bank of the river. Without the slightest warning he was suddenly attacked by a swarm of natives, who killed several of his black soldiers. His panic-stricken party fled, leaving Deane in the darkness to battle alone with the savages around him. He was well armed, and his bullets whizzed through the bushes in such rapid succession that the natives, unaccustomed to firearms, fled in dismay. Deane had received two very bad wounds, one spear having passed through the calf of his leg and another nearly through the thigh. Most men would have posted back down the river as fast as possible for medical assistance. Deane, however, proposed to go to Stanley Falls if it killed him, and gathering his people together, he dressed his wounds himself and steamed on up the river. A little later the natives were punished for their treachery by the burning of several of their villages.

It was also characteristic of Mr. Deane that he refused to give up the slave girl who had taken refuge with him to escape the Arabs. His comrades say of him that Deane would die before he would be forced to obey any orders except those of his superiors in authority. His pluck and bravery very likely exceeded his discretion, for by defying the Arabs he has lost his station.

The station at Stanley Falls, which the Arabs with their many hundreds of armed slaves now hold, was founded by Stanley three years ago. Dr. Lenz, who visited the station, wrote that the buildings, amid the surrounding gardens, were very prettily situated on the river bank, and the view of them from the river produced a very agreeable impression. The Arab settlement was not far from the station, and the influence of their powerful leaders over the surrounding country was much greater than that of the Congo Free State. —*New York Sun*.

Not Very Polite.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady):—"Can I send you some soup, Mr. Dumley?" Mr. Dumley—"No, thanks." Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly):—"Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup." Mr. Dumley—"Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup." —*New York Sun*.

The number of those who are now invalids as the result of the war is said to be 265,854, the total number of soldiers having been about 1,250,000.

A vein of coal twenty feet thick has been struck near Dickinson, Dakota.

HEALTH HINTS.

The best promoters of health are fresh air and sunlight.

A simple remedy for neuralgic headache is the juice of a lemon taken in a cup of black coffee.

Changes of dress from thick to thin should always be made in the morning, as then all the vital forces are in full play.

Almost all bites and stings being acid in their nature, the cure is an alkali. Spirits of hartshorn is the best household remedy; next comes saleratus or lye from wood ashes.

For warts, corns and other indurations of the cuticle, nothing acts more satisfactorily than a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and glacial acetic acid, applied in repeated layers with a brush, night and morning.

It has been shown by actual experiment that the water which streams down the inside of the window of a closed sleeping-room is so impregnated with the noxious exhalations of the sleepers that one drop is sufficient to poison a rabbit.

It is said that a solution of pilocarpine, two grains to the ounce of water, injected into the tooth cavity will cure neuralgia caused by bad teeth. From an eighth to a quarter of a grain seems sufficient to check the pain in the course of an hour.

Water cannot satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations; but the thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, swallowing it in as large pieces as practicable and as much as is wanted.

M. Ginjeat states that of all measures applied locally to boils, the best results are obtained from tincture of iodine. He paints the boil with a thick coating, and sometimes a single application is sufficient to cause the inflammation to subside; it is better, however, to make the application several times a day for several days. He does not recommend the early opening of boils, but if evacuation of pus be necessary antiseptics should be used.

Dead Beats.

There are 10,000 boarding houses in this city, writes the *New York correspondent of the Troy Times*, and yet hardly one out of 100 has got rich at it. Keeping boarders is a lavish life, and those who make a living at it may be considered doing well. One of the greatest burdens to which this class is subject is the "dead beats," who abound in that great city. There are probably at the present time 5,000 persons living at boarding houses who have for years got along without paying. They are very adroit in shifting around, and when driven from one house find some other victim. These dead beats also infest the hotels, and a popular landlord said that he could not get rid of a set of fellows who sneaked in and got their meals. The art of beating is carried to great perfection in this city, and is indeed often practiced at the clubs, where, if a man can keep up his dues, he can sponge drinks or get the barkeeper to "hang it up." Among the worst beats at the first-class hotels are the foreign gentry, who bring letters from the nobility and who want to get into society in order to marry a fortune, or, if that be impracticable, to play as far as possible the foreign confidence game. It is said that an English visitor has just got home, leaving every man in the club where he got an introduction his creditor. He did not even spare the steward. Another dangerous class to hotels is found in the elegant and fascinating ladies who come in a dashing way with lavish display of dresses and diamonds and are prosecuting claims for imaginary estates.

Arsenic for the Complexion.

L. T. S. writes: "Is it safe to take arsenic for the complexion?" It is not at all safe; in fact, arsenic will not improve the complexion, except at the expense of health. For many years the public has been complaining about arsenic in wall papers and dyes used for articles of clothing. When people are made sick by these causes, how much more terrible must be the illness caused by taking arsenic into the stomach. Anyone who uses arsenic for the complexion does it at a deadly peril. Some of the physicians of this city recently have been treating women for some unknown disease, which they were not able to diagnose. Finally they found that their patients were secretly taking arsenic for the complexion. Their eyes were puffed out and their face had a deathly pallor, such as is caused by poison from minerals. —*New York News*.

Sixty feet of solid salt has been struck at Port Huron, Mich.

A single fact is worth a ship load of argument. This may well be applied to St. Jacobs Oil, which is more efficacious than all other liniments. Mr. John Gregg, a well-known citizen of Watsonville, California, found it to be indispensable as a cure for rheumatism. Price, fifty cents.

A LARGE and sound Missouri pumpkin, recently open, was found to be filled with thrifty vines and leaves. The seeds had sprouted and sent out vines, though there were no signs of decay; the meat being sound and sweet.

An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge. Why not spend twenty-five cents for a bottle of Red Star Cough Cure, and save a large doctor's bill?

A big wolf attacked a little eight-year-old girl as she was driving the cows to water, near Comstock, Minn.; but one of the cows charged the wolf, tossed it in the air, and then the farmer's dog came to the rescue, and the wolf fled.

Another Life Saved. About two years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

The United States Supreme Court decides that a criminal cannot be extradited for one offense and tried for another.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman." —*Hamlet*. That she is frail, often in body. "Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for phlegm, and very generally used by women, or female weakness or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

Many Dakota farmers this year raised flax for fuel, a ton of flax being considered more valuable for heating purposes than ton of soft coal.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test, and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable complaint. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

CONNECTICUT raised 11,725,000 pounds of tobacco in 1886 against 13,000,000 pounds in 1885.

Hints to Consumptives. Consumptives should use food as nourishing as can be had, and in a shape that will best agree with the stomach and taste of the patient.

Out-door exercise is earnestly recommended if you are unable to take such exercise on horseback or on foot, that should furnish no excuse for shutting yourself in-doors, but you should take exercise in a carriage, or in some other way bring yourself in contact with the open air.

Medicines which cause expectoration must be avoided. For five hundred years physicians have tried to cure Consumption by using them and have failed. Where there is any derangement of the secretions, with engorgement of air-cells, there is always profuse expectoration. Now Piso's Cure removes the engorgement and the derangement of the secretions, and consequently (and in this way only) diminishes the amount of matter expectorated. This medicine does not dry up a cough, but removes the cause of it.

When it is impossible from debility or other causes to exercise freely in the open air, apartments occupied by the patient should be so ventilated as to ensure the constant accession of fresh air in abundance.

The surface of the body should be sponged as often as possible with tepid water, and a little soft soap. (This is preferable to any other.) After thoroughly drying, use friction with the hand moistened with oil. Cod-liver oil is the best of all. This sponging of the skin in a soft, pliable condition, which contributes materially to the unloading of waste matter from the system through this organ. You will find a record of cures of this disease by enabling the organs of the system to perform their functions in a normal way, or, in other words, we remove obstruction, with the restorative powers of the system cure the disease.

We will here say a word in regard to a cough in the forming stage, where there is no constitutional or noticeable disease. A cough may or may not foreshadow serious evil; take it in its milder form, to say the least, it is a nuisance, and it is better to remove it.

A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a conspirator, with threatening voice, menacing the health and life of the sufferer. A cough is in whispers, unobtrusive, and at first too often unheeded, but in time it never fails to make itself understood—never fails to claim the attention of those who are its victims.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs or serious constitutional disturbance, so much the better. It is a warning that your system will be all you may need, while if you far advanced in Consumption, several bottles may be required to effect a permanent cure.

More Money for Your Work. Improve the good opportunities that are offered you and you will receive more money for your labor. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full information showing how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upward a day and live at home, wherever you may be located. You had better write to them at once. A number have made over \$500 in a day. It is new, and it is sure. Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. Grand success attends every worker. Send your address at once and see for yourself.

If you feel as though water was gathering around the neck (hoarseness) or have heart-rheumatism, palpitation of the heart with suffocation, sympathetic heart trouble. Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEEED regulates, corrects and cures.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

What is Scrofula

[It is that impurity in the blood, which accumulates in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs or feet; which develops ulcers on the eyes, ears or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.]

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the way, has been published, often when other remedies have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. Send for book of cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COCKLES

ANTI-BILIOUS

PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

UNEXPECTED.

A MOTHER SAVED FROM AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Tears of Sorrow Turned to Smiles of Rejoicing.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 31, 1888.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO.—GENTLEMEN: I am now seventy-three years of age, and until I was seventy I was always strong and healthy; but the amount of suffering I have endured since that time, I feel to be sufficient for a lifetime. I had a severe attack of sciatica, which completely prostrated me; my limbs were stiff, and in fact my whole body was so drawn out of shape that it was impossible to move without assistance. I was unable to straighten my limbs or to step on my feet for more than a year, and my life was despaired of. Children and friends were called in to see me. I was treated by three good physicians, and they and my friends did all they could to relieve my suffering, but to no avail. My hips were swollen and my limbs were so badly bathed and bandaged, but nothing they could do afforded me even temporary relief. Tongue cannot describe my suffering. I urged them to let me try Dr. Pardee's Remedy. I had read so much about it, and of those who had been cured by its use, that it gave me confidence in it, although I confess I had little or no faith in so-called patent medicines. The remedy was procured, and I commenced using it as directed, and after taking it a short time could see that it was helping me. I began to sleep peacefully, and as the perspiration increased the pain decreased, but my clothing and bedding was a sight to behold, being nearly as yellow as my face. I had taken the Remedy but a short time when I could sleep like a child, and relish my food like one. Thank God it has cured me, and I am to-day as healthy and strong as before, and can walk and have as free use of my limbs as ever. I have recommended your remedy to very many who were afflicted, and I do not know of a case that has not been cured. I am confident that it will cure young people, if it will cure at my age. You are at liberty to use my name, if it will be the means of inducing any poor sufferer to use your excellent Remedy. I am, very respectfully, yours, MRS. JANE A. FLACK.

300 Jefferson Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

The sale of Dr. Pardee's Remedy for the past three months in Western New York has exceeded that of any remedy of the kind. By cures wholly unprecedented in the history of medicine it has proven its right to the title of "The Greatest Remedy Ever Offered." The "Favorite Prescription" is the best medicine to use in an appreciation at home, or wherever used, like that which has been poured upon Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

The best restorative tonic for phlegm, and very generally used by women, or female weakness

THE SACRED ROOSTERS.

The island of Vangho Lo is not down on any map that I have seen in recent years. If it is on any map it must be a very old one. This, however, is a matter of trifling importance. If the geographers have missed Vangho Lo, then it is so much the worse for them.

The wreck of the Imp rudely ended my first and last pleasure voyage. The Imp was as trim a yacht as ever danced on the sparkling billows of a summer sea. After cruising about in the south Pacific for several months in all sorts of craft, I considered it a piece of extraordinary good luck, when Capt. Dalton invited me to sail with him as his guest and fellow traveler.

With the crew and all there were eight of us, all Englishmen, with the exception of myself. Dalton was a man of wealth whose chief pastime was yachting. Some of the young fellows with him were the spoiled darlings of fortune, and the love of adventure had induced them to try a six months' sail on the Imp.

It must have been about midnight when the vessel struck. A tremendous hole was made in her bottom, and she began listing rapidly. We let down two boats in a hurry, and, jumping in, made for the beach, which was clearly visible in the bright moonlight. Our little cockle shell boats spun around in the surf like so many chips. Powerless and breathless, we were turned over and over in the foam crested waves.

A great surge threw me high up on the beach, and it was several minutes before I was able to pick myself up.

"Are you all right, old fellow?" The speaker was Dalton. I rubbed my eyes and saw five dark forms moving about.

"Only two missing, Bradley and Cribbs," said Dalton. "It might have been worse, you know. We're in big luck."

I thought so, too, and asked the captain if he had any knowledge of the locality.

"It must be Vangho Lo," he said thoughtfully. "If it is not, then I cannot tell where we are."

One of the men had a box of matches in his pocket, and after we had built a good fire and were beginning to feel more comfortable, Dalton told us all he knew about our surroundings. The island of Vangho Lo had been discovered centuries before, but the civilized government had ever claimed it. Although of considerable size, embracing hundreds of square miles, it produced nothing of any commercial value, and was a veritable land of sun and fire, inhabited by savages of a very uncertain disposition. Ships never touched there when they could avoid it. About fifty years before a colony of English sailors, who had mutinied and killed their captain, attempted to live there, but after a desultory warfare of several years the natives had killed them out.

"They may kill us," remarked Dalton cheerfully, "but then we would have been drowned if we hadn't been thrown up here. Besides, we have a chance. Doubtless the savages learned something of our language from their old enemies, the mutineers. They may have become a more peaceable race. At the worst they will probably hold us as prisoners and some day signal a passing ship and demand a ransom for us."

How much longer the captain would have talked in this strain it is impossible to conjecture, but at this point one of the men suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed, as he executed a war dance on the sand.

"What did you remark?" inquired Dalton with a stern look at the offender.

"Ouch!" repeated the man, as he rubbed his head.

"See here, Barlow," said the captain, "I hope you are not crazy. We'll have to take you if you are. What is the matter with you?"

"The rooster!" mumbled Barlow.

We all looked pityingly at the fellow. Undoubtedly his shipwreck had turned his brain.

"I was listening to the captain," explained Barlow, "when a sharp weapon like a spear was thrust into my head, and when I jumped up and turned around I saw a big rooster six feet high hopping over the ledge of rock yonder. If you don't believe me, where did this blood come from?"

We drew him up to the fire. His head was bloody and there was a deep wound in it, apparently made by a pointed instrument. But the wild story about the rooster?

Shaking our heads incredulously we laid Barlow down and advised him to remain as quiet as possible.

Had a savage assailant slipped up and attacked our companion from the rear? We could think of no other explanation.

Daylight enabled us to obtain a better idea of our situation. Our wounded man was severely hurt, but fortunately he was not disabled. Back of the beach the ground rose in precipitate and rocky slopes, thickly wooded in places with trees and shrubs unlike any that we had ever seen. The Imp had gone to pieces in the night, and the shore was covered with fragments of wreckage. The first thing to do was to recover what we could, and we went to work with a will. In the course of a couple of hours we picked up and fished from the water quite a lot of miscellaneous stores. When we examined our plunder we found several barrels of sea biscuits, boxes of canned goods and other provisions, a cask of brandy, a tool chest, various articles of clothing and some ammunition. This last we were very glad to see, as three of us had our pistols with us.

In the rocky slope back of us there was a small cave, well sheltered and quiet. Into this nook we rolled our stores to protect them from the weather. By this time two of the men who had been out scouting returned with their report.

According to our scouts the island was a wonderland. There were mountains innumerable, fertile valleys, lakes, springs, and an abundance of vegetation. Game of all kinds was to be seen, but no savages. If the island was inhabited the men were confident that the people lived on the other side of a range of mountains a few miles distant from our cave on the beach.

What we heard made us very thoughtful. No more scouts were sent out that day, and we put in our time building a breastwork of large rocks in front of the cave. We also filled a cask with spring water and rolled it in to keep for an emergency. Our defensive preparations did not amount to much, but we wanted to make something of a fight if an enemy came upon us.

Each man made a resolution to sleep that night with one eye wide open, and a sentinel was posted just inside the breastwork, with instructions to fire off his pistol if anything suspicious occurred. Just what happened to me was the experience of all. A dull drowsiness settled over me. My head seemed ready to burst, and yet I could not move. Finally my senses were awakened in complete oblivion.

When the morning sun streamed in upon us, and I opened my eyes, I found myself bound hand and foot. My companions were all in the same fix. Our sentinel I could not see, and therefore I could not tell whether he was a prisoner or not. The cave and the space inside our little fortress seemed a moving mass of savages. They were hideous looking wretches, almost as black as Africans. They were armed with spears and clubs. Some of them wore fragments of European garments, probably picked up from the occasional wrecks on that dangerous coast. They were all jabbering to each other, and too busy overhauling our stores to pay the slightest attention to us.

"How did it happen?" I whispered to Dalton, who was stretched by my side.

"I cannot tell," he answered. "I feel strangely. Those devils must have stupefied us in some way. Otherwise they could not have trapped us all without waking us."

Our conversation attracted the notice of the leader of our captors, and he came up to us.

"Howdy, white man," he said to Dalton, and then turning to me he repeated the salutation.

"Greetings," I pleaded.

"No," replied the savage. He looked at us very earnestly and then shook his head.

The old rascal was short and fat, of a well done ginger cake color, and his malicious black eyes snapped restlessly as he watched us. His attire consisted of a red silk sash and a pair of boots. His breast was elaborately tattooed, and his face exhibited similar traces of artistic handiwork.

Every now and then they ran out to the pen where we were guarding the sacred roosters.

"Something is up," suggested Dalton. Finally King Kybela came to us and said that we must at once march with our birds under a strong escort to the temple of Kama, where we would be stationed in future.

It was useless to object, and in an hour we were on our way. We had to march in single file through a narrow path over the mountains. A guide led the procession. Then I headed the roosters, and Dalton brought up the rear followed by about a dozen able bodied natives armed with clubs. This order was adopted because the birds had become accustomed to their keepers, and were easily controlled by us. The natives did not dare to go near them.

At one place a gap in the mountains gave us a glimpse of the sea. I looked down and my heart gave a great jump. Scarcely three miles below in a little cove I saw a vessel anchored close to the shore!

What was to be done? I signaled Dalton, and he glanced through the gap and understood the situation. We were being transferred to another point to prevent our discovery by the strangers.

During the next half mile I exchanged a few words with Dalton, meaningless words to the natives, but full of import to my friend. He understood me.

We were in a narrow pathway on the edge of a precipice, with a steep wall of granite towering above us on the other side. Suddenly Dalton turned the hindmost rooster about so as to face the posse of savages. Then he darted forward to the head of the procession by my side, and hurled the guide down into the abyss below. I beat my usual signal on the gong, and all of the sacred roosters turned to the right about.

When the savages saw these feathered monsters bearing down upon them they gave utterance to shrieks of rage and terror.

Dalton and I paused a moment and looked back. The foremost rooster darted upon the leader of the natives, and at one fell swoop drove his long sharp beak through one of the man's eyes and into his brain.

"Run for it!" cried Dalton.

We made a break forward and ran for our lives. We knew that the roosters would never turn in their tracks without our signal on the gong. They would dispute that narrow pathway with our pursuers until extermination befell one or the other side. We knew, too, that the natives held these great birds in awe and would fly before them like frightened sheep.

On and on my friend and I sped down the jagged path. Would it never end? Would we never reach a denile leading to the sea?

Eureka! At last we saw it. On our right was a gap showing a gentle slope stretching to the water.

Three miles yet. We nerved ourselves to the utmost and ran like lightning. There were no signs of pursuit, and the cries of our enemies had died away.

Still bounding onward, out of breath and with bleeding feet, we literally flew.

When we threw ourselves, panting, on the sand by the boat, which was just about putting out for the ship, we were too exhausted to speak. The excited sailors instantly divined that we were pursued by foes, and dragging us in they bent to their oars and did not let up until they had helped us to the deck of the vessel.

It was an American merchant ship carrying one gun. When the captain heard a little of our story he pointed the cannon at the island and fired a blank charge that waked the echoes among the mountains.

"Vangho Lo is no place for us," he said, and with that the craft weighed anchor and glided out into the broad blue ocean.

I hope the sacred roosters of Vangho Lo are still alive and flourishing. They saved my life, and I am not likely to forget it. Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Murderers on the Scaffold.

I was on duty in the jail for six years, and during that time met a great many criminals and murderers; the latter were always a pleasant study to me, particularly the negroes. They are all alike. Until a decision of the case in the trial court there is no change in their manners or morals, but when they are once convicted they become intensely superstitious and deeply religious. It does not matter whether they get a new trial or the case goes to a higher court, or what happens; once convicted they are changed. They devote all their time to a study of the Bible, and stop cursing and using profane or vulgar language, and if you use it in their presence they will correct you, and say that you ought not to do it. They are easily worked on by priests, and become imbued with the doctrine of the mercy and forgiveness of Christ that they do not look upon death with fear. In fact, I believe that by the day of execution they want to die. They firmly believe that just as soon as the breath leaves their bodies they will go at once to an eternal life, far happier than the one they are leaving, and the sooner they die the sooner they will enjoy the pleasures of heaven. This is the reason they walk so firmly to the scaffold; and not because they are given liquor. I'd like to see any man made so drunk that he would give up life as they do, unless he was too drunk to walk.—Coroner's Clerk in Globe-Democrat.

The Restaurant Business.

One of the most interesting features of the restaurant business in the way fashion runs among feeders. If anything is going slowly, all that is necessary to make a run on it is for the waiters to call out orders, real or imaginary, for it. If they can create the impression that it is popular every one wants to taste it, and a genuine run soon succeeds a fictitious one. It is just the same with bringing things well to the front and letting people see them. By this means cakes, ice creams and water-melons have all had booms. By even printing a specialty across a bill of fare a special demand can be created right away. The great anxiety among down town restaurant keepers is the growing preference for day board. Every month the number increases of those who eat breakfast and supper at home or where they board, and go without anything, except perhaps a "free lunch," during the day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Powerful Good.

Marie Stone tells infinitely the story of the Yankee janitor in a New England hall where a concert company was about to sing. Some one asked him if the hall was good for sound.

"Wal," said he, through his nose, as he looked at the stucco walls and ceiling, "they do say that this here staccato work is powerful good for transmitting sound."—Detroit Free Press.

"Six-Day" Cab Licenses.

About 1,000 of the cabmen of London take out "six-day licenses"—that is, they do not go out with their cabs on Sundays. They pay a reduced rate for the license and have a weekly rest on Sunday.—Chicago Times.

LIKE LIKES LIKE.

Little things that creep and crawl on this lonely earthy ball—To peck like taxes, each stellar sphere—Is there aught that's new to say? Good or bad, or any way?—Dust and ashes! Light and fire! Love and youth! And gray desire!—Roll, bald bullet! Roll, black sphere! Thy paltry hour, the kindly year! For cynic clod, and living soul, Spied on poor grasspeed—Great World roll.—D. Christie Murray in English Magazine.

"The Good Old Times."

We often hear of the "good old days of yore." Why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding steamboats from plowing the waters, railroads from running on land, telegraphs from sending messages, telephones from being used, all furnaces, steam heaters, etc., to be taken out of houses and other buildings; all grates for burning coal to be taken out; all stoves to be melted for old iron; all water works in cities to be left empty; the use of all gas and other illuminators, except dipped tallow candles, to be disused, and really go back to the "good old times," say for five years. Then, if at midnight on a cold, stormy night, a doctor is wanted, he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wished to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing he must write a letter and send it by stages to its distant place, and wait patiently for days or weeks for the answer.

When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing the other, and reading by the dim light of a tallow dip, instead of the blaze of a gaslight or the more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into the cars and going where he wishes, the best he can do is to take a stage at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars. Let these and other modern improvements be forbidden and "good old days" be brought back, how long would it be before an extra session of the legislature would be demanded to knock "the good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful!—Bridgeport Sentinel.

Lincoln's Letter to Hooker.

President Lincoln used to write long letters to his military commander, and copy them himself. Just after Gen. Joe Hooker had taken command of the Army of the Potomac a letter was penned, and while the president yet retained it in his possession an intimate friend happened to be in his cabinet one night, and the president read it to him, remarking: "I shall not read this to anybody else, but I want to know how it strikes you." During the following April or May, while the Army of the Potomac lay opposite Fredericksburg, this friend accompanied the president to Gen. Hooker's headquarters on a visit. One night Gen. Hooker, alone in his tent with this gentleman, said: "The president says that he showed you that letter," and he then took out that document, which was closely written on a sheet of letter paper. The tears stood in the general's bright blue eyes as he added: "It is such a letter as a father might have written to his son. And yet it hurt me." Then, dashing the water from his eyes, he said: "When I have been to Richmond I shall have this letter printed." But "Fighting Joe" never reached Richmond, and it was sixteen years before the letter, which sharply criticised him, found its way into print.—Ben. Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

The Passenger Was Left.

Capt. Selah Durbin, who has commanded lake craft without number, been skipper of a woodyard, and encountered a good deal of rough legal weather during his stormy career, at one time ran a boat between Detroit and Port Huron. The captain prided himself on the punctuality with which the lines were cast off and his boat left for its destination. One day, while waiting for freight preparatory to plowing the waves in the direction of Port Huron, a stranger walked on board and accosted the captain as follows:

"What time does this boat go?"

"At 9 o'clock sharp."

"Does she go on time?"

"She does—right on time."

The prospective passenger here pulled out his watch, and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a quarter after 9 now."

Without the slightest perturbation and in a tone of dawning placidity, the captain responded:

"Well, then, this boat has been gone exactly fifteen minutes." Then he resumed his supervision of the loading of freight.—Detroit Free Press.

The Poland of Africa.

Zululand seems to be the Poland of Africa. First Great Britain cut off a big slice of Western Zululand, called it the Reserve and drove the independent Zulus out of it because Natal did not like them as neighbors. Then the Transvaal Boers viewed what was left from their mountain tops, pronounced it a beautiful location for a new republic and invented a pretext for moving in. They were actually trying to appropriate five-sixths of the country, when Great Britain stepped in as a mutual friend, cut the land in two in the middle and assigned the east half to the Zulus and the west to the Boers, reserving a generous strip along the entire coast for herself. So the warriors of Cetwyo are being crowded into a corner of their heritage, while white men parcel out the biggest and best part of it.—Foreign Letter in Boston Transcript.

Exhausted Muscular Power.

Dr. Porret has published some very curious instances of exhausted muscular power. Of course the writer's cramp is a case in point; but there are "professional movements" other than writing which exhaust the powers of those who use them. Violinists lose the power of manipulating the strings with their left hand, and violinello players that of "making the nut" with their left thumb; composers cease to have power over the stick; tailors can no longer sew, and even nailmakers can at last no longer use the hammer. It is sagaciously suggested that in view of this disastrous state of things, everybody should have a second calling to fall back upon when the first gives out.—Boston Budget.

The Bull's-Eye of the Nation.

Many epigrammatic things have been said of the capital of the nation by the statesmen who have been lucky enough to be sent there by their constituents; but to Congressman Tim Campbell has been awarded the credit of describing the home of congress with a piquant and suggestive terseness that is unique. "Washington," said the leader of the Eighth district the other day, "Washington, sir, is the bull's-eye of this nation, and you aim high when you want to get there."

LIKE LIKES LIKE.

Little things that creep and crawl on this lonely earthy ball—To peck like taxes, each stellar sphere—Is there aught that's new to say? Good or bad, or any way?—Dust and ashes! Light and fire! Love and youth! And gray desire!—Roll, bald bullet! Roll, black sphere! Thy paltry hour, the kindly year! For cynic clod, and living soul, Spied on poor grasspeed—Great World roll.—D. Christie Murray in English Magazine.

"The Good Old Times."

We often hear of the "good old days of yore." Why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding steamboats from plowing the waters, railroads from running on land, telegraphs from sending messages, telephones from being used, all furnaces, steam heaters, etc., to be taken out of houses and other buildings; all grates for burning coal to be taken out; all stoves to be melted for old iron; all water works in cities to be left empty; the use of all gas and other illuminators, except dipped tallow candles, to be disused, and really go back to the "good old times," say for five years. Then, if at midnight on a cold, stormy night, a doctor is wanted, he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wished to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing he must write a letter and send it by stages to its distant place, and wait patiently for days or weeks for the answer.

When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing the other, and reading by the dim light of a tallow dip, instead of the blaze of a gaslight or the more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into the cars and going where he wishes, the best he can do is to take a stage at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars. Let these and other modern improvements be forbidden and "good old days" be brought back, how long would it be before an extra session of the legislature would be demanded to knock "the good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful!—Bridgeport Sentinel.

Lincoln's Letter to Hooker.

President Lincoln used to write long letters to his military commander, and copy them himself. Just after Gen. Joe Hooker had taken command of the Army of the Potomac a letter was penned, and while the president yet retained it in his possession an intimate friend happened to be in his cabinet one night, and the president read it to him, remarking: "I shall not read this to anybody else, but I want to know how it strikes you." During the following April or May, while the Army of the Potomac lay opposite Fredericksburg, this friend accompanied the president to Gen. Hooker's headquarters on a visit. One night Gen. Hooker, alone in his tent with this gentleman, said: "The president says that he showed you that letter," and he then took out that document, which was closely written on a sheet of letter paper. The tears stood in the general's bright blue eyes as he added: "It is such a letter as a father might have written to his son. And yet it hurt me." Then, dashing the water from his eyes, he said: "When I have been to Richmond I shall have this letter printed." But "Fighting Joe" never reached Richmond, and it was sixteen years before the letter, which sharply criticised him, found its way into print.—Ben. Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

The Passenger Was Left.

Capt. Selah Durbin, who has commanded lake craft without number, been skipper of a woodyard, and encountered a good deal of rough legal weather during his stormy career, at one time ran a boat between Detroit and Port Huron. The captain prided himself on the punctuality with which the lines were cast off and his boat left for its destination. One day, while waiting for freight preparatory to plowing the waves in the direction of Port Huron, a stranger walked on board and accosted the captain as follows:

"What time does this boat go?"

"At 9 o'clock sharp."

"Does she go on time?"

"She does—right on time."

The prospective passenger here pulled out his watch, and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a quarter after 9 now."

Without the slightest perturbation and in a tone of dawning placidity, the captain responded:

"Well, then, this boat has been gone exactly fifteen minutes." Then he resumed his supervision of the loading of freight.—Detroit Free Press.

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CLEVER FORM OF PUZZLE.

Familiar Examples of the Anagram.

Several Very Skillful Transpositions. The anagram is one of the most entertaining and clever forms of puzzle, and much ingenuity has been displayed in the past by literary dabblers, who seemed to find in its construction a source of much diversion. Some of the most familiar examples are "revolution" transformed into "to love ruin"; "telegraphs" "great helps," and "penitentiary." "Nay, I repent it." To so arrange the letters as to form a complete sentence and, at the same time, relate to the subject in hand, requires a peculiar aptness and a mind alive to the slightest suggestion afforded in arranging the letters.

Several years ago a London journal published a list of anagrams from their readers which attracted much attention by their completeness and directness of finish. This cleverness is, we believe, no means confined to the English public, as several of these collected from various publications on this side of the water will give ample evidence. One writer laments the shortsightedness of George Alfred Townsend's parents in not endowing his name with an extra A. Had they foreseen such a step could be instrumental in converting his title into "Great Gleaner of Old News," they would unquestionably have made the addition without the slightest dissent. No less neat is the complete transposition of Beaconsfield into "I faced nobles."

Some time back The Baltimore Sunday News offered in its puzzle department a prize for the best anagram on "The Telegraph Monopoly." The competition was spirited, and out of many very creditable efforts the following took the prize, "The People Got Only Harm," which is not too late to be admitted in the present investigation now under way at Washington. Strangely enough the identical anagram was submitted by two persons, who, through fatal truth or blind chance, had struck the same result.

"The Present Fight of the Great Railroad" has under skillful management been metamorphosed into "A Rare Fight! Swear On! Let the Rates Drop."

"The Grand Army of the Republic's Decoration Day" has fittingly been shaped into, "Come, sir, pity or chant for dead blue and gray." And a very pretty arrangement it is indeed.

The best, however, and what was probably one of the most difficult to construct, found being from "The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln." What could have been more complete in its fidelity than "A past sensation chills me, or a fiend shot in a barn."

Cornelius Vanderbilt's name, five years ago, was transformed into "On Curb Deal in Silver." A more astute party answered it with "Vanderbilt Rules Coin," which is as clever, if not more so, than the first, being as well a complete anagram.

"The Leaning Tower of Pisa," under skillful workmanship, has appeared as "What a Foreign Stone Pile! Sir Bulwer Lytton as 'Bull's' Tony Writer," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" show "How Women Serve Dirty Sir F."—New York Graphic.

Burned Clay for Ballast.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is laying down large quantities of burned clay ballast on its Iowa lines, having put in some forty miles in ten-mile sections, besides a large quantity during the latter part of this season. It is said to give excellent results, and it is certainly not very expensive nor troublesome to burn, when the clay is at hand and other ballasting material is not. The Union Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha and the Hannibal and St. Joseph roads have also used considerable quantities of it.

To prepare the ballast, the soil is stripped off for a length of 300 to 1,000 feet—whatever length of train for loading is desired—and a fire started with kindling. On this a mixture of slack and pea coal is sprinkled, then a thin layer of clay, two to three inches thick, then another good sprinkling of coal, then more clay, and so on indefinitely, in the proportion of about one ton of coal to eight cubic yards of ballast. When fully burned the pile is about eight feet high and twenty to thirty feet wide, and from four to five months are consumed in burning it, a small gang of men being on hand constantly to feed the pile. One gang will ordinarily burn from 24,000 to 25,000 cubic yards at once, and its cost on the cars at the pits is about eighty cents per cubic yard. After the first rain the ballast is not dusty and it does not crumble.—Boston Transcript.

The Yankees are Very Smart.

"You have a different lot of people in this country from what we have in the old world," remarked D'Alvini, the conjurer. "You people over here are what you call 'smart' or 'fly.' Things go down with an audience in England, France, Germany or Austria, that won't go at all in this country. Any kind of a trick will please audiences across the water, but you Americans are so quick at detecting the transparencies of the magician's feats that we have to be very careful about what we work on you and how we do it. Take as an instance the 'Vanishing Lady' trick. That created a furor in England and France, but in this country, though perfectly made by Jasper Bamberg and well handled by me and others, was a dead failure. Americans saw through it so quickly that the fun was all spoiled. The Americans are the quickest, brightest people in the world."—Chicago Herald.

An Old Lady's Story.

Boston, you know, is great on bicycle riders. An old lady from a remote country district was there last week, and when she returned home she told a wonderful story regarding the precocity of the boys there.

She said she came across one who did not look to be more than 12 years of age who had a full grown mustache and side whiskers. She said he was dressed like a boy, acted like a boy and had a tin whistle in his hand. It was useless to argue with her, and she will go down to her grave believing that she has seen a youth who ought to be placed on exhibition in a circus.—New York Graphic.

A Triple Array of Figures.

The St. Louis type foundry proprietor says: Here we are on the eve of 1888, which creates a triple demand for the figure 8. This triple use of figures in the annals of time will not occur again till 1911, 1999, 2000, 2022, 2111, 2122, 2202, 2212, 2222, etc.—Detroit Free Press.

England's Wheat Imports.

England, it is stated, now imports from Russia 5,000,000 hundred weight of wheat, against 10,000,000 fifteen years ago. In the same interval the import from America has increased from 12,000,000 hundred weight to 20,000,000.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

IN A BIG HOTEL.

IMPORTANCE OF THE LINEN ROOM WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Duties of the Housekeeper's Assistant.

Destruction of Bed Linen—Fate of the Hotel Napkins—A Place for Executive Ability.

One of the pleasantest and best of the minor places among the employes of a big hotel is the linen room woman's. She is a subordinate of the housekeeper, but her pay—which ranges from \$16 to \$20 a month—is reasonably good; her duties are clearly defined and not onerous, her responsibility is small, and her work is done under rather pleasant conditions.

All the soiled sheets, towels, pillow cases, bed spreads and other articles that must go to the laundry are first carried to the linen room, who takes accurate count of them. When they come back clean they are counted again, and such of them as need repairing pass into the hands of the assistant housekeeper or linen room woman, who with thread and needle or sewing machine fixes them up as neatly as possible. There is a great deal of this work in a hotel that has been running for any length of time, especially if it is a house doing mainly a transient business.

DESTRUCTION OF LINEN.

Washing destroys the linen, much more than wearing does, and the destruction of linen in a house where the guests belong almost entirely to the permanent class, or boarders, and the beds are not changed often than twice a week, is very much less than where the changes are made as often as the rooms are vacated, which in a transient business may occur every day. On an average